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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1909.

The Week.

Insurgency as a temporary condition has plagued the Republican leaders sorely. Presumably, they would be still less pleased if Republican insurgency were to become a habit. From that to open rebellion and revolution the descent is easy. There are indications that the minds of men are turning towards the possibility of permanent cleavage within Republican ranks. Secretary MacVeagh has openly threatened the Republicans with a realignment of parties, if the party now in power fails to recognize the changing spirit of the times. Senator Gore's speech of Saturday was more jesting in tone than in import. He was merely stating facts in saying there are persons in the Democratic party who ought to be in the Republican party, and persons in the Republican party who ought to be in the Democratic party. But we are getting down to something of a programme when Senator Gore advises that the Democrats refrain from putting up candidates against the anti-Cannon Republican Congressmen. In return—politics always demands something in return—Democrats running against stand-pat Republicans ought to have "a reasonable hope of assistance from "progressive" Republicans." What large hopes of a third party, anti-tariff and anti-Trust, Senator La Follette is carrying about with him, one cannot definitely say.

Senator Culberson makes a belated and pretty futile attempt to show that the Democratic record on the tariff in Congress was not so bad, after all. The Texas Senator seems to think that a little ingenious figuring and explaining will correct the general impression. First, he asks us to leave out the votes on iron ore, coal, lumber, and hides. On them, he admits, many Democrats went wrong; but those were the very items on which the Democratic party had most explicitly committed itself, and recreancy here is fatal to any pretence of loyalty to pledges. It is of no avail for Senator Culberson to point out that the Democrats were "in effect unanimous" for reducing the duties upon many articles of common use. The critical votes were those in which Aldrich needed Democratic help, and got it; and he doubtless could have got it, if it had been necessary, on the schedules which Senator Culberson specifies. Nothing that can be said or alleged now will break the effect produced by the display of ratting on the tariff, which Democratic Senators and Representatives have given in the extra session of Congress. The country may be disappointed with the measure of tariff revision which the Republicans will give it, but nobody can now convince it that it could have got any revision at all if Bryan had been elected.

The appointment of William Franklin Willoughby, the present Secretary of State for Porto Rico, to the position of Assistant Director of the Census, is another gratifying evidence of the President's desire to make that bureau a highly competent instrument for scientific investigation and research. Secretary Willoughby has been in the government service since 1901, serving first in the capacity of Treasurer of Porto Rico, and more recently as Secretary of State for the island. In the absence of the Governor he has also acted in his stead. To say that the Bureau of the Census has not been regarded uniformly as a scientific arm of the Federal service, is to put the matter mildly. It has been at times a sort of private hospital run at public expense for the personal parasites of the politicians. In the character and competence of the new Director and Assistant Director, we have a guarantee of better things.

The Treasurer of the United States has been conferring with New York bankers about the possible effect of new bond issues upon the quotations of Government securities. The situation makes one thing clear beyond cavil, that the market prices of United States bonds are a very imperfect index of the Federal government's credit. The error dates back at least as far as the publication of "Triumphant Democracy," and assumes that the relative credit of this and other countries can be gauged by comparing the prices of public stocks bearing the same nominal rate of interest. The truth is that our 2 per cents, which are but barely above par, convey a double income to their holders—the banks—besides the advantage of exemption from tax-liability. To the 2 per cent. paid as interest are to be added either the profits on the note circulation based on the bonds in question, or the gains made by holding public deposits for which the bonds stand as security. If it is desired to keep above par the market quotations of our 2s and 3s, there would seem to be an additional ground for denying to the purchasers of the new Panama bonds the right to take out circulation based upon the bonds in question. The dilemma which the Administration faces is just this: If the new Panama bonds are made available for circulation, the public credit will evidently fall, and the 2 per cents may go below par. If the new bonds are not made available for note circulation, an entering wedge will have been driven into the present system of a currency based on deposited securities.

The Assistant Secretary of the Department of Labor and Commerce, in his recent speech before the Commercial Law League at Narragansett Pier, dwelt upon one great defect in our industrial system. It is the failure to distribute congested labor where labor is greatly in demand. There is an unmistakable anomaly in Western farmers crying for hands and Eastern cities endeavoring at the same time to cope with the problem of unemployment. So far as trades unions act as clearing houses for requests for jobs and demands for workers, they perform a public service no less beneficial to themselves than to the country at large. Unfortunately, the workers most likely to be stranded, especially newly arrived immigrants, cannot avail themselves of the employment bureaus of the trades unions. We have daily to witness the truth of Adam Smith's dictum, that "after all that has been said of the levity and inconstancy of human nature, it appears evident from experience that a man is of all sorts of luggage the most difficult to be transported." Mr. McHarg urged that advices should be forwarded to Washington regularly as to the condition of

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local labor markets. This is what we do already in the case of the wheat, cotton, and iron markets. It might help in securing a better distribution of labor power throughout the country—a task which the immigration officials may very properly study. Of course, there will be unemployables under any system, for "unemployment" is unfortunately a specialty of some who find that they can live without labor.

The Employers' Liability Act, passed by Congress on April 22, 1908, cannot be enforced by a suit brought for damages in a State court. This is the unanimous finding of the Connecticut Supreme Court of Errors in a decision handed down last week. The case was one where William H. Hoxie, a train hand, injured in coupling cars by the negligence of a fellow employee, sued the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad for damages. It will be remembered that the original employer's liability act was declared unconstitutional. The present law was designed to avoid the errors into which the draughtsmen of the original statute had fallen, and was passed at the hot insistence of Mr. Taft's predecessor. The soul of the act is that in industrial accidents arising in interstate commerce, the employer may not plead in defence the common-law doctrine of fellow-servant. The Connecticut decision would seem to imply primarily that a Federal court is the only proper forum for damage suits brought under the law in question. It further affirms that Congress has no power to compel State courts to assume jurisdiction in such causes. The unconstitutionality of the act is also seemingly implied in that it requires State courts to disregard, in special cases, the law of fellow-servant, irrespective of the particular commonwealth's law.

The Dominion Finance Department has determined to deport the American silver coins now current in Canada. It is estimated that 30 or 40 per cent. of the silver circulating in that country bears the stamp of the American mints. In some of the western provinces fully one-half of the silver coinage emanated from this country. The Canadian banks are to begin impounding the coins in question. When the silver is exchanged, or is redeemed in standard money by our Treasury in units of twenty dollars or multiples thereof, Canada will have realized about twice as much as is required to purchase silver bullion to replace the expelled American coins. The other half will be seigniorage, or gain to the government of the Dominion. The acceptance of American silver in Canada has been customary for years, although on this side of the border Canadian silver has generally been received with reluctance, or accepted only at a discount. "Riches," according to the proverb, "take wings," but evidently silver coins that have suffered a seigniorage exemplify the adage only for a time. After all, we have nothing to complain of. The very purpose of exacting a seigniorage on subsidiary coin is to prevent them from seeking a foreign market or the melting-pot. The gain from seigniorage results at issue, and accrues permanently only when the coin remains in circulation. When the coins are redeemed, the seigniorage is lost again.

To say that Bleriot's flight across the Channel last Sunday was dramatic is not necessarily to say that it can have no practical results. It may be months before another man will duplicate Bleriot's exploit, though the chances are that it will be done much sooner. Bleriot himself might not be able to repeat his flight the next half-dozen times he tries, though the chances are that he would. But the practical result of his achievement is in the fact that something which man has done once becomes a spur to a thousand other men to attempt the thing again. It was no utterly wild guess that in this country alone ten thousand men are now experimenting with airship and aeroplane. A victory like Bleriot's swells this army of inventors and would-be inventors.

Dr. Huntington was long rector of a prominent church in New York; but it is neither that fact, nor the host of friends and admirers he conquered, which invites to newspaper comment upon his career. He was a clergyman who held his own in a day when the clerical profession has been slipping back. Others of his calling have felt this insensible decline of influence and of importance, and have by various devices sought to recover lost ground. Some of them have cheapened themselves into vulgar advertisers and sensationalists. Not a few have wreaked themselves upon the temporalities of the church: have made themselves business managers; have organized instead of preaching; made more of clubs and classes than of prayer. All these tendencies of modern organized Christianity beat full upon Dr. Huntington, as they do upon every minister to-day, but he was not swept away by them. Being of his age, he could not help taking of its color. Grace Church has fallen in with the current set towards "the institutional church," and Dr. Huntington's firm and directing hand was upon all this multifarious activity not directly of a religious kind. But he did not waste himself in that sort of effort. He held himself to the older clerical ideal. Of a type which seems to be vanishing, he was a fine illustration of its power, even in a generation grown dull to excellencies such as his.

This clergyman remained all his life a student and a thoughtful preacher. If there were groundlings in his audiences —as there are in all churches—he would not stoop to tickle their ears. It was his way to add reflection to knowledge, and to lead his hearers to consider high themes in a spirit of grave inquiry. Dr. Huntington occasionally preached on "current topics," even on political matters, rarely. Being a citizen of this breathing world, he could not be indifferent to what his fellows were thinking and doing. But in all his attempts to bring lasting truth to bear upon passing events, there was no clamor or posturing. It was not essential to his comfort that the press should print his sermons, or that reporters should lurk in the pews before him, on the watch for some phrase that would look well in a Monday-morning headline. Dr. Huntington was absorbed with the work he had in hand; addressed his immediate audience, and cared little for a wider public, except as it might be reached through those who passed on the impulse got from direct contact with him.

Last Saturday's great demonstration in London, by workingmen, in behalf of Lloyd-George's budget, is an indication of what would happen should the Lords throw out the bill. The issue would at once be changed, and a close alliance, if not an actual union, brought about between the Labor party and the Liberals. What such a step might easily mean in electoral returns, was shown a few days

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ago in the bye-election in Mid-Derbyshire. There the Liberals and the Labor party put up unitedly as candidate a member of the latter. He was elected by a majority of 2,343. This, to be sure, was less than the abnormal majority of 3,509 which the Liberals obtained in 1906, but is more than double the Liberal majority in the three previous elections. Mr. Balfour is certain to think twice before provoking everywhere a combination that would be so formidable for the Conservatives to face.

At the moment unexpected, M. Clemenceau's fall does not come altogether as a surprise. And the reason why this veteran politician has been latterly exposed to defeat rests, oddly enough, in the fact that logically he is the best man for his place, and that the majority of Frenchmen seem to have felt this to be so. Between revolutionary radicalism and the old forces of reaction, M. Clemenceau has held the balance, not too rigidly, perhaps, but as well as might be, under the circumstances. The Right and Moderates, up to the recent postal strike, reproached him with making concessions to the lawless elements. But to have expected the Premier to take drastic measures against labor agitation would be to overlook the strength of the radical idea in France, manifesting itself in gradations from Clemenceau and Briand, through Combes and Jaurès, to Gustave Hervé. On the other hand, when the labor agitators began to threaten the Government itself, M. Clemenceau put his foot down with a degree of emphasis that won the approbation of even the Right. But if Clemenceau could adapt himself to the varying moods of the French people, he could not hope to cope permanently with the shifting moods of Parliament. Holding the balance redounds to the benefit of the people, but it creates numerous hatreds in the hearts of Deputies. And sometimes the sum total of such hatreds is enough to swamp a logical majority. The immediate cause of the overturn would really seem to have been his sharp tongue. An assured majority was turned into a minority by the Chamber's anger at the introduction of personal acrimony into a debate on what is probably the most serious question of the moment in France—the pitiful state of disorganization and corruption in the Navy Department. Here was a vital problem discussed by Delcassé, one of the most serious statesmen France has produced in many a day. As the head of the committee that laid bare conditions in the navy, Delcassé was speaking with knowledge and authority. At such a time, to evoke wantonly the unhappy memories of the Moroccan crisis of 1905, turned out for M. Clemenceau a fatal mistake.

Nobody in Germany appears to be pleased with the financial compromise which the Government finally accepted. In place of the ambitious scheme submitted to the Reichstag which was to wipe out deficits, consolidate the imperial finances, and make ample provision for the future, the outcome is a thing of shreds and patches. A series of rough-and-ready taxes was adopted, the yield and incidence of which cannot be predicted. The chief new or increased imposts are upon beer and spirits, tobacco and matches, and coffee. Then there is the tax on dividends and interest — the *Cotierungssteuer*—which was so strongly opposed by financial circles, but which finally they acquiesced in as a disagreeable necessity. The official estimate is that the added taxation will bring in a revenue of $125,000,000. But this is confessed to be largely guess-work. The *Norddeutscher Zeitung* recalls the fact that the tax reforms of 1906 were figured by the Government to produce between $50,000,000 and $55,000,000, though in the event the return was only $25,000,000. Should the present estimate prove equally over-sanguine, the Government would be far from out of the financial woods. In any case, the circumstances under which the Government was forced to compromise made a bad political impression.

One feature of the German financial compromise was not reported in the cable dispatches. It was announced in the Reichstag that the Government proposed to bring in a bill for taxing the unearned increment in land. In order to give due notice to all concerned, the new measure is to be introduced not later than April, 1911, and to go into effect one year from that date. And the yield of the tax is estimated at $5,000,000. Meanwhile, a check is to be put to municipal experiments in taxing the land increment. As is well known, several German cities have resorted to this form of taxation, with varying success. Their experience has been cited on both sides of the debate now going on in the House of Commons over the proposed taxation of the unearned increment in England. But when the new Imperial tax of that kind is levied in Germany, municipalities are to go no further with it. It is, indeed, provided that they may retain the revenue already accruing from this source up to 1917; but the further experimenting with a tax about whose operation little, confessedly, is known, will be done by the Imperial government. This last decision seems rather a pity, for the tax is, in the nature of the case, almost confined to urban and suburban land, and one would think that the cities could best feel their way in this sort of novel taxing.

South America's present state of mind may be described as one of belligerency modified by a strong aversion to fighting, and ignorance as to who ought to fight whom. But since the beginning of the trouble we have had discussions on the possibility of war between Bolivia and Peru, Bolivia and Brazil, and Chili and Peru. That war between Bolivia and Argentina should even be suggested, throws a new light on the difficult problems of international arbitration. The parties to the original dispute were Bolivia and Peru; the judge was Argentina. Here, then, is a claimant who is not only dissatisfied with the award, but wants to fight the arbitrator. Evidently, the nation that sits in judgment between her fellows must be either so much more powerful or so much weaker than either of the litigants as to make it impossible for the judge to be drawn into the dispute. Professor Scott, in his new work on the Hague Peace Conferences, points out the defects in arbitration by a sovereign. The case is submitted to him without argument, and he decides solely on documentary evidence; his decision "does not, as a rule, state the reasoning by which the conclusion is reached"; and, consequently, the judgment is of little value as a precedent. And, finally, there are the sovereign's own interests, which, in a dispute between Peru and Bolivia, would have made the President of Switzerland a better qualified judge than the President of Argentina.

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REPRESENTATION IN THEORY AND IN FACT.

The student of politics is not infrequently confronted with a difficulty peculiar to that science. It is, to realize the identity of an institution described in the text-book with the real thing when studied at close range. Blackstone and John Adams each in his way befogged the students of political institutions for generations. Blackstone made current the idea that the British Constitution was a complicated maze of interrelated powers and forces into whose ultimate nature it were almost irreverent to peer. John Adams hopelessly misguided many a student of American Constitutional law by his juggling of "checks and balances." Not until Bagehot simply blew away the idea of "paper Constitutions," did we begin to see something of the reality of present-day politics. But the old method is less easily banished for good than temporarily exiled. Only contrast the "paper" theory of representation in some of the modern books on politics, with the actual situation as it appears to an intelligent person at Washington, provided he has never caught the infection of so-called political science.

The theory and the fact of representation will furnish a crucial illustration. If the traditional visitor from Mars were to make us a visit to study our system of government, we may imagine him providing himself, let us say, with Professor Jenks's "Principles of Politics." Under the title, "Representation," our Martian would first find the query propounded whether the M.C. or the M.P. should act as a representative, using his independent judgment on disputed issues, or as a delegate simply recording the preponderant view of the district for which he stands.

The alternative is commonly resolved in favor of the representative as against the delegate, though the ideal superiority of the first has never been put more forcibly than by Macaulay, whose verdict was that the electorate should choose wisely and then confide freely in their representative. After the ideal character of the legislator has been settled, the next issue raised concerns his allegiance—shall it be primarily to his constituents, or to the wider public, the country at large? Here the political doctors, Professor Jenks among them, resolve the *quæstio* in favor of the wider area of allegiance—but with some reservations as to particular duties to specific constituencies. One more matter settled in advance, and our Martian is ready to buy a railway ticket to Washington. What is the ideal basis of representation? Shall it be on the numbers of the population solely, with the attendant danger of the gerrymander? Or ought particular interests, like the laboring class, the farming class, the professional and the trading class, to send from their own ranks avowed advocates of these special interests?

Thrice-armed with the knowledge of the schools, our celestial visitant, let us suppose, takes the night express for Washington with letters of introduction to those in actual touch with affairs. What chance is there that he could discover an M.C. who would even avow that his allegiance in tariff-making was primarily to the nation as a whole? There would doubtless be many eager to protest that they are fighting tooth and nail, each for his own district. But if the man from Mars should follow them up, and ask *how* they had discovered the interest of their own constituencies, he would infallibly ascertain that a few influential persons whose profits are primarily at stake were the sole exponents, or alleged exponents, of the wishes or interests of the various districts. The truth is that in tariff-making the M.C. can hardly be called a delegate, let alone a representative. He is practically the special agent of the vociferous industrial parasite that has fastened on the country, but lives in his bailiwick. The present situation, for example, is quite plain. The only person who pretends to represent the general interest is outside of Congress altogether. Congress is making an organized effort to betray the general interest, and is stopped only by the power and influence of the President of the United States.

So far as the idea of representation based on classes is concerned, it is nearer the truth to say that, instead of not having introduced it into this country, we do not know any other system. Of course, the facts are carefully concealed. The agents of the cotton interests, for example, are disguised as members of Congress from certain enumerated districts. They commonly wear masks of partisan principles, or goggles and false beards that are stamped with geographical labels. They are themselves even hypnotized into a real belief in their own personal rectitude and independence. But unless there were an obstacle to their power, they would mark cash deposits for their ultimate political creators with the regularity of a cash register.

If a realist were to etch the outlines of our system of representation, it might run somewhat as follows: Personal ambition, a certain grade of ability, and amenability to the party machine will secure a nomination for Congress. This selection of the machine will be ratified at a so-called popular election. When a tariff measure is under discussion, the large contributors to the machine pull the wires that jerk the elected member. The clash of interests arranges through Congressional committees, and finally through a conference committee, a treaty that is as satisfactory a division of plunder as circumstances permit. The cost is paid by the ultimate consumer, who is a "myth." Barring any opposition from the representative of the "myths," to wit, the President of the United States, the representative system works to enrich its manipulators by a wholesale betrayal of the country at large.

THE NEW PROSPERITY.

It needs not the assurances of financiers returning from vacation, to convince the American people that better times are ahead. The signs of rapid and large recovery from our two years' depression are unmistakable. The country has even left off waiting for the passage of the tariff bill to "give the signal." Customs duties do not make prosperity; they can neither keep it when we have got it, nor retard it when it is coming back. Natural law, combined with the moral qualities of personal saving, economies in manufacture, prudence, enterprise, is doing the business. Even European observers, as recent financial dispatches have been showing, are now convinced, after long skepticism, that the American outlook is extremely bright.

Prosperity is coming, but it will not be the old prosperity. We refer not to its outward form or bulk or duration, but to its spirit. The enlarged business which is before us, the new displays of energy, the further growth and achieve-

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ments of capital fruitfully employed in corporations and otherwise, will be marked by other methods. We shall not easily drop back into the old style of conducting the great business of the country. It is necessary and timely to dwell upon this, because many have been persuading themselves that the excitements, the reforms, the painful inches of progress gained in the past few years, were all to go for nothing and that we should settle back with swinish complacency into the mire where we formerly wallowed. And the evidence that this is not to be is plainly angering many. "To be blunt," wrote a member of the Union League Club to the *Sun* the other day, "William Howard Taft is a great disappointment to a host of people who had been looking to March 4 for a material change from things past to things to come."

The implication of such complaints is obvious. Reckless financiers had felt themselves disagreeably checked in their operations. They had intensely disliked the publicity, the inspection, the regulation to which their proceedings had been subjected. And it was a flattering unction to lay to their souls that all of that would pass away with a change of Administration. But they ought to have been keen enough to perceive that no force is lost in the political and business world, any more than in the physical. The efforts recently made to render business cleaner, and to hold corporations to a stricter accountability, were often violent, frequently ill-judged, and sometimes were but a tool in the hand of political ambition; but their intent in the minds of the people was honest and their effects were wholesome. Those effects will abide with us. Business will soon be larger than before, but it will be managed more cautiously and with more integrity than before. The counsels which we have taken to heart in a period of adversity, will not be wholly ignored when prosperity returns. There will not be so many impudent flotations, so many secret manipulations of property, near the verge of the criminal law. Promoters may hate the new provisions for inquiry and publicity, but they will also dread them, and work under a salutary fear that they may be applied to their combinations at any moment. A saner spirit and sounder methods will be visible in our great *entrepreneurs* and administrators of vast capital.

It was, in many respects, a very trying time which we were called upon to go through—a period of clamor, of wild and whirling words. But it was not entirely destructive. Out of the confusion have emerged certain large and clear principles, and they will remain in force. Public service corporations, for example, can never, not even by all the king's horses and all the king's men, be put back where they were before. If any of them hereafter are tempted to ask what the public has to do with their affairs, they will find that it has everything to do. And the same thing is true, to an extent, of every other kind of large business that touches our citizenship at a thousand points. A new attitude has come and it will persist. The ease with which the corporation tax is slipping through Congress, despite the intense opposition of powerful interests, is a clear proof that the popular temper is inclined to step forward rather than backward. No appeal by creatures of government, such as corporations are, against government "prying into our affairs," will longer avail. The answer is very like what Gov. Hughes is reported to have said last year when a delegation from the Stock Exchange urged him to commit himself against an investigation: "If your books are clean, you have no reason to fear an investigation; and if they are not clean, you ought to be investigated."

After investigation, the Stock Exchange found itself rather helped than hurt. And the assurance is given that the minor reforms urged by Gov. Hughes's Commission will be carried out in good faith. "Unlisted stocks," for example, are to be known no more in the Exchange, after April 1, 1910. Such a move for improvement in business methods is an admirable example of the way in which wise and far-sighted men will seek to adjust themselves to the new conditions. By holding fast to the good results worked out in our late troublous days, by accepting constructively the teachings of the dear school of experience, they will at once reassure the public, attract new confidence with new business, and cause the coming prosperity to be, in Oliver Cromwell's phrase, "without a worm in it."

FRANCE AND EUROPE.

M. Briand's Cabinet, the practical completion of which is announced, makes greater changes than were expected. Six Clemenceau men are left, six new men are coming in. As if to offset the presence of a former militant Socialist at the head of the Ministry, the other new members show a decided lurch to moderatism. M. Cochery, the new Minister of Finance, is more conservative than his predecessor, M. Caillaux. Millerand, who becomes Minister of Public Works, was once a terror to the bourgeoisie, but has long since grown tame. For the war and navy portfolios, M. Briand seems to have gone to professional men who are not so well known as Gen. Picquart and M. Picard, but who need not therefore be the less efficient.

Under Clemenceau, the French Republic was more than usually forward in the eye of the world. Its internal history for the period covers the epoch-making rupture of the connection between State and Church, the rise of a formidable revolutionary movement among the working classes, the appearance of the anti-militarist doctrine of the picturesque M. Hervé, and, in a narrower political sphere, the partial disintegration of the Republican *bloc* which since 1899 had ruled the country. Abroad, the Clemenceau Government had to weather a steady succession of crises in its relations with Germany, inherited from preceding Ministries; to carry on a difficult and dramatic campaign in Morocco; and to draw tighter the connection with England under stress of danger from beyond the Rhine. Where France was not directly a party to a quarrel, as in the Balkan crisis of 1908, she was nevertheless compelled to play an important part as the nucleus in a scheme of alliances and understandings which upheld the European balance of power against Germany and the Triple Alliance. Viewed in its broadest aspects, the Clemenceau régime was more than ordinarily successful. The Separation problem was solved, and the other internal questions we have mentioned were dealt with as ably as might be. The foreign prestige of France, Clemenceau left much higher than he found it.

Now that Briand has stepped into the Premiership, it is hardly conceivable that any sharp departure in policy will ensue. And this is not merely because Clemenceau's defeat is known to have

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been largely of the nature of a personal reprimand involving no condemnation of the Government's general conduct. A new French Parliament is to be elected in the spring of 1910, and it stands to reason that no new Ministry will tamper with the principles that enabled Clemenceau to round out the longest Premiership in the history of the Third Republic. But aside from such practical reasons, there can be no doubt that a Radical government best suits the present temper of the French people. The general election of May, 1906, gave the Radical parties some 400 votes against 180 of the Opposition. If Clemenceau thinned down his majority by sending the Socialists disgruntled out of camp, he could afford to do so, because, splendid parliamentary tactician that he was, he could count on the support of the Moderate Opposition, just when the Socialists were the most refractory. He did this on the question of Morocco, during the strike trouble among the miners of the North, and in the recent postal-strike.

But even Clemenceau came to grief when he let himself put his trust in a paper majority of something less than one hundred. All the more reason for his successor to rally the entire Radical strength, and by winning back the friendship of the Socialists to cement anew the old Republican *bloc*. Such a consummation, the greater number of Radicals have long been devoutly wishing; for the breaking of the old electoral pact with the Socialists has cost them more than one seat in the bye-elections. Winning back the Socialists, however, is not an easy task, unless the Government is willing to go in for Radicalism with a vengeance. What a Ministry in alliance with the Socialists could have done in the postal-strike except surrender to the strikers, is hard to see. But, presumably, no such crisis will recur before election, and until that time a Briand may satisfy Jaurès and his followers with small concessions and sweet promises, while Jaurès may find it possible to forget that Briand is a renegade and a reactionary. Thus Clemenceau's friends and some of his enemies may get together, but that Clemenceau's policies will be overturned does not follow. It is to be truce within the old *bloc* till next year. After that, *qui vivra verra.*

Still less chance is there for a sudden alteration in the foreign policy of the French government. Though Delcassé brought about Clemenceau's downfall, the return to power of the Minister whom William II forced out of office can come only when the country shall swerve sharply from Radicalism and the policy of peace with Germany, and a Moderate Ministry, prepared to fight Germany with England's assistance, shall come into power. Such a contingency is still remote. It may be that fear of Jaurès and his phalanx may bring it about, but at present it is generally conceded that the policy of M. Pichon, Clemenceau's Foreign Minister, is the policy the country wants. In general, the probabilities are that foreign affairs in the immediate future will not be so prominently to the front in France as they have been these four years. Morocco remains a cause of some anxiety, but in view of the recent agreement between France and Germany concerning Morocco, a repetition of the acute crises of 1905 and later years can hardly be looked for. The troubled boundary for some time to come will be not the Rhine, but the North Sea. Since the latest Dreadnought attack broke out, France has been conspicuously out of the diplomatic news. Her concern in the development of Anglo-German relations is, of course, of the first order. In fact, if not in name, England and France are now allies. But while the two rivals of the sea are disputing, a French Ministry will pretty surely give its main attention to affairs at home.

THE FIGHT AGAINST OPIUM.

The Hague, which seems destined to become a permanent base of operations for international campaigning against all forms of human ill, may soon have a conference to discuss the international control of the production, manufacture, and sale of opium. Our State Department has extended invitations for such a conference to the governments that took part in the Shanghai Opium Commission of last February. These governments were the United States, China, Great Britain, France, Germany, Japan, the Netherlands, Portugal, Russia, and Siam. With the results of the Shanghai meeting, opinion in this country and in Europe professed itself much disappointed at the time. The commission in its report seemed to have confined itself to the expression of those pious wishes which Hague conferences of another kind have made familiar. In addition, it was reported that Great Britain's attitude at Shanghai was responsible for the failure of positive results.

Our State Department, however, takes a different view of the Shanghai Commission. It observes that the commission "was one of inquiry only," that its function was "to study the opium problem and report as to the best and most feasible means of solving it," and that this programme was executed "to the entire satisfaction of the governments concerned." Bishop Brent, who presided over the Shanghai Commission, declared in his inaugural address:

> It devolves upon me to pronounce with emphasis that this is a commission, and as those who are informed—as all of you must be in matters that pertain to international affairs of this kind—a commission is not a conference. The idea of a conference was suggested, but it seemed wise to choose this particular form of action rather than a conference, because, for the present, at any rate, we are not sufficiently well informed and sufficiently unanimous in our attitude to have a conference with any great hope of immediate success.

The commission embodied its findings in a set of resolutions. In imitation of the example given by China and other governments, every government was urged to take steps for the suppression of opium-smoking within its territories. The unrestricted manufacture, sale, and distribution of morphine constituted a great and growing danger; drastic regulation was immediately needed. Research for the purpose of finding scientific remedies against the opium habit was recommended. In some form or other, nearly every government regulates the use of opium for other than medical purposes, but a uniform code of procedure was desirable. In the specific case of China, the commission agreed that the government's efforts to suppress the opium habit were sincere and productive of real, if somewhat "unequal," results; but urged that foreign governments should take measures for the suppression of the opium dens within their Chinese concessions; and that all governments should take steps to prevent the shipment of opium or its derivatives and preparations to any country which prohibits their entry.

The campaign against opium is an international one, but primarily it is a Chinese and British question; for China is notoriously the worst sufferer by the

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drug habit, and British India is the great source of opium supply. China followed up her anti-opium edict of 1906 by an agreement with the British-Indian government under which the suppression of opium cultivation within China and the importation of the drug from India were to be done away with in ten years. Its total importation of 51,000 chests, the Indian government was to reduce by 5,100 chests every year, until 1917. The Chinese government, with characteristic enthusiasm, set to work at taking its own opium lands out of cultivation. The Indian government, however, was not convinced that China was carrying out her part of the bargain. The British delegates at the Shanghai Commission moved a resolution regretting China's inability to produce trustworthy statistical evidence on the question. The resolution was withdrawn, but it showed the British temper. China, on the other hand, proposed that foreign governments should pledge themselves to reduce their exportation of opium to China in proportion to the reduced production of the drug within the Empire. This resolution was also withdrawn; had it been agreed to and ratified, China might conceivably have wiped out British importations at one blow by enforcing total and immediate prohibition of opium-growing within her boundaries.

In choosing The Hague for the next opium conference, our government adroitly emphasizes the international aspect of the question. At Shanghai, British and Chinese representatives are in danger of consulting their own interests too closely. With the eyes of the world fixed upon them at The Hague, Great Britain and China both will be measurably forced into viewing the question from the most enlightened standpoint possible. The ultimate rooting up of the drug evil is a certainty. It is only a question of how sharply or how tenderly the problem should be approached.

LAWYERS AND THE PUBLIC.

Several recent addresses before associations of the bar have betokened a stirring of the legal conscience on the question of the lawyer's profession being one peculiarly "affected with a public interest." At the annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Bar Association, one speaker dwelt upon the urgent demand for reforms in the law, and called upon his brethren to see to it that this debt to their profession was discharged in the spirit of a Romilly. Still more pointed was the language used by a member of the Illinois Bar Association. He put these searching questions to his fellows:

> What have the lawyers of Illinois done for the improvement of the administration of justice? What have they done to advance the interests of litigants, to secure justice to poor persons, to expedite the transaction of business, to simplify methods of procedure, or to aid in the proper and prompt enforcement of the criminal laws? Practically nothing.

The obligation is not denied. It presses with singular force upon lawyers, because they are the men who ought to be expert in the matter. They have much more to do than any other class with the enactment of laws. Every Legislature, as well as Congress, has a far larger proportion of lawyers in its membership than of any other group—often, larger than that of all other groups together. To this initial responsibility has to be added the fact that, in the practice and interpretation of the law, in the multiplying of technicalities, the overlaying of statutes with wire-drawn distinctions, the delays of trial, the trying of cases like the playing of a game of skill, rather than as a means of doing substantial justice, the legal profession is most directly concerned. The evils are admitted. Judges dwell upon them. The leaders of the bar call for their correction. Public opinion is urgent for reforms. Yet how little is attempted, much less accomplished.

We would not say that the great body of lawyers are unmindful of their duty to the public in this respect. Yet we think it evident that we have not so many men eminent in the law, as we once had, who are jealous for the standing and usefulness of their profession, swift to condemn abuses, and incessant in efforts to make the law a great instrument of justice. The lawyer-publicist is not so frequent a figure with us as he used to be. This was remarked by Mr. Bryce, when he revisited the country in 1904. In an article giving his impressions of the changes in America since he made his first studies here, he mentioned the diminution, and well-nigh disappearance, of the class of great lawyers who gave of their time and strength not only to legal reform but to the leadership of all good public causes. James C. Carter was preëminently such a man; and it is not invidious to ask what lawyer is to-day in this city filling the void made by his death.

Certain insensible changes in the legal profession have partly accounted for the difference which Mr. Bryce noted. The immense growth of corporations, and the glittering prizes which they have held out to able lawyers, have tended both to specialize and narrow the activity of the leading men at the bar. In their hands, the law has become in a sort commercialized. We use the word in no offensive sense. Legal advice has been necessary to captains of industry. Vast undertakings have needed the skilled service of lawyers at every step of their formation and conduct, with the result that many of the first minds in the law have become rather business men than lawyers. Their range is not so great as that of the older practitioners; it is harder for them to conceive of the law as a whole, and of their profession as one that calls for service of the public, as well as of their clients. It is inevitable, then, that the lawyer as a publicist—we do not say office-holder—should seem to be sinking below our horizon.

It is a loss which is troubling other countries than our own. English jurisprudence is not what thoughtful men feel that it ought to be. In Germany, too, there is uneasiness about the drift in the legal profession. A university professor had an article recently in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, pointing out the dangers of a too technical attitude on the part of lawyers. According to him, reform should begin in the law-schools. He would have law-students thoroughly grounded in the essential differences between law and justice—*Gesetz* and *Recht*—and trained to think more carefully of their relations to the public. We know, too, that many who are concerned about legal education in our own land, are thinking along the same lines. A high sense of civic duty cannot be directly taught. But the right ideal can be held up, and the inspiring example given. A certain number of men will doubtless always approach the law merely as a means of livelihood—simply an alternative to any other mode of securing bread and butter. And some men can be prevented by no teaching in the law-schools from selling their talents to the highest bidder. But something might be done by professors of law, as

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we are aware that numbers of them are fully convinced, by insisting from the first that the lawyer not only has services to offer to individuals, but that he is also a "friend of the court," in the sense of being a lover of justice, and that he should be ever ready to meet a reasonable public demand for improvements in the law, so that its processes may be made speedy, sure, and just.

ANATOLE FRANCE.*

I.

The translation of the works of Anatole France, now proceeding under the editorship of Mr. Frederic Chapman, brings into the ken of English and American readers the most distinguished Frenchman of letters living to-day. We shall await with interest the verdict of the Cisatlantic branch of the Anglo-Saxon court upon his claim to a high rank in international glory. It is not without significance that he comes to us in a somewhat expensive edition limited to five hundred copies. Obviously, his publishers do not expect to win for him at once the popular suffrage. Doubtless, they estimate their public wisely. For M. France comes from the nation most in love with pure ideas to the nation most hostile to them. From a people using speech to reveal thought, he comes to a people using speech to conceal thought. For a mercurial folk of much external sociability he will find us singularly close-mouthed about all our intimate concerns: even when skeptical, reticent about religion; like wild creatures, ashamed of our loves; preferring even to cast a veil of divine illusion over our business enterprises. Partly from habit and partly from a shrewd sense that publicity does not pay, such a book as M. France's recently published "L'Ile des Pingouins" (the translation has not yet appeared) could not possibly originate among us—not because it is bold, but because its boldness comes to nothing serviceable. Those, however, who have a curious desire to know what the world is thinking about in these days, no matter whether it pays or not, are pleased when Anatole France brings out a new book.

II.

Many years ago Jules Lemaître, defining for himself the charm of Anatole France's work, said, "Je sens son œuvre toute pleine de tout ce qui l'a précédé; j'y découvre . . . le plus récent état de conscience où l'humanité soit parvenue." That is, indeed, part of its fascination: it represents in letters what Mona Lisa represents, according to Pater, in art—the "summing up in itself all modes of thought and life." In his books one escapes from the shallow modernity of contemporary literature. He is a cosmopolitan not merely of the present year of grace; he was a citizen of the world before the Christian era. A leisurely aristocrat, polished, imperturbable, he has strolled with ironic smile among the neglected ruins of antiquity. He has discussed Greek philosophy in the Tusculan villa with Cicero, sauntered over the Aventine chatting with Horace, and listened with bowed head while Virgil read to the grief-stricken household his divine praise of the young Marcellus. He observed the strange star in the East, heard the stories of Lazarus and Magdalen, and dined with Pilatus, Procurator of Judea. In the Egyptian desert he occupied a cell with the Christian cenobites; in Alexandria he tasted the last luxuries of the pagan world. He caught from the catacombs the fervent murmur of prayer and the mysterious hymns of martyrs. He saw with a regretful smile nymphs and dryads and fauns at twilight scurrying through the country woodlands in terror of the cathedral bell. A lover of masquerade, he has crept into the cassock of mediæval monks, and gravely announced the performance of miracles, or discoursed upon the lusts of the flesh and the pride of life, or whiled away long hours on a settle in the cloister splitting theological hairs with the church fathers. Especially, he has haunted the steps of the Brides of Christ, irresistibly drawn by the allurement of their celestial roses, hoping, perhaps, to catch a drop of the spilled milk of Paradise. And all this he has told, not as one passing feverishly through successive stages of intellectual intoxication, but as one sitting at his ease and leaning indolently out from a casement in Elysium.

More fascinating than all this selected world-experience is the point of view of the narrator. He keeps us wondering where he is. The detachment of M. France is not that of Flaubert or Maupassant. The realist withdraws a little from his object to gain the proper focus for his microscope. He is nevertheless savagely absorbed in it. He means to bring it home to us, to make us enter into it and feel it tingling in our five senses. M. France, on the other hand, seeks to tranquillize the senses. He contemplates the troubled face of the world through serene leagues of motionless ether. He will report mundane affairs not to the prurient ears of mortals, but to the gods of Epicurus who inhabit the quiet above the clouds and winds, and feel from time to time a mild amusement in the human spectacle. Passing beyond the flaming ramparts of the world, he would enter the celestial hall where the blithe Immortals revel, crying: O Shining Ones, let me, a mortal, share your feast. I have withdrawn my heart and hope from among the miserable race of men. For they come out of the darkness and struggle like beasts in the brief light and go into the darkness again. All their achievements are but as the excellencies of worms differing among one another. They are rent with a love more cruel than the grave. They are burnt in the fire of their own flesh. They are terrified by the shadows which they cast upon eternity. But I have learned the secret of your immortal calm. I have found that there is peace for those content to perceive and not to possess the world. I have learned to look upon the labors of Hercules without desire to lift a finger, upon the temptations of St. Anthony without desire to sin, upon the crucifixion of martyrs without desire to weep. For to the ego wisely isolated from the contagious fevers of existence all these things are but as the fierce vexation of a dream. Make me, therefore, a place beside you, and I will tell you tales of men, provoking supernal smiles.

III.

When M. France, after forty years of philosophical romancing in the garden of Epicurus, published his "Vie de Jeanne d'Arc," the professional historians were shocked and the Epicureans were perplexed. It did not seem quite respectful to the Muse of History, for the author of "Le Lys Rouge" to present her with the life of the virgin of Domrémy. On the other hand, it appeared out of character for the author of "M. Jérôme Coignard" to take the scholarly ideal so seriously. To most of his followers his perilous charm had been that he always seemed to say—Mr. George Santayana has said it, too, in three lines of an admirable sonnet:

> The crown of olive let another wear;
> It is my crown to mock the runner's heat
> With gentle wonder and with laughter sweet.

Nor was it clear what garland a novice of over three-score could hope to win in the trite and well-gleaned field of history where he made his début. To be sure, some critics tried to show that this work did not really represent a new departure in M. France's development; for, they said, even in his romances he had been an historian, as even in his history he had been a romancer. Both views are partly right; the life of Jeanne d'Arc was, in a sense, only the latest in a long series of imaginative saints' lives. But there was a difference. How explain the lengthy preface discussing predecessors, theories of history, original documents? M. France had sent his fine Ariel often enough among ancient libraries, but had never allowed him to appear in the sunlight with dust on his wings. What convic-

**The Works of Anatole France.* New York: John Lane Company.

L'Ile des Pingouins. By Anatole France. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

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tion, slowly formulating, had brought this volant, elusive spirit, this mocking beguiler of an empty day, into step with his sober contemporaries? Let us not attempt to discover, said M. Achille Luchaire, reviewing the first volume of the work, *ne cherchons pas à pénétrer le mystère de cette évolution.*

M. France has something of Prosper Mérimée's repugnance to being divined. On the heels of "Jeanne d'Arc," as if anxious to complicate the chart of his evolution, he sends a satirical afterpiece, "L'Ile des Pingouins," which dissipates in peals of derisive laughter any notion that its author has joined the modern historians. This, too, is a history prefaced by a critical account of sources; but, though shorter, it is much more comprehensive than its forerunner. It is an abridgment of all history that has been or shall be, under the form of a veiled comic history of France. "In spite of the apparent diversity of the amusements which seem to attract me," begins the preface in the old ironical vein, "my life has only one object. It is wholly bent toward the accomplishment of one great design. I am writing the history of the Penguins." In the search for the buried monuments of this people, continues the author, "I excavated by the seashore an unviolated tumulus; I found in it, *according to custom*, stone axes, swords of bronze, Roman coins, and a twenty-sous piece with the head of Louis-Philippe I, King of the French." Embarrassed by difficulties attendant on the interpretation of conflicting evidence, the historian called in counsel several eminent archæologists and palæographers—"They looked at me with a smile of pity which seemed to say: 'Do we write history? Do we attempt to extract from a text, from a document, the least scrap of life or truth? We publish texts pure and simple. We stick to the letter. The letter alone is appreciable and definite. The spirit is not; ideas are crotchets. One must be very presumptuous to write history; one must have imagination.'" A surviving historian of the old school was more encouraging—"Why take the trouble to compose a history when you have only to copy the standard works, as every one does. . . . One word more. If you wish your book to be welcomed, neglect no opportunity to extol the virtues upon which societies are based: devotion to riches, pious sentiments, and especially the resignation of the poor, which is the foundation of order. Assert, sir, that the origins of property, nobility, and gendarmery will be treated in your history with all the respect which these institutions merit. Have it understood that you admit the supernatural when it appears. On that condition you will succeed in good company."—"I have meditated these judicious observations," says M. France demurely, "and have paid good heed to them."

IV.

The narrative, accordingly, begins with the apostolic calling of Saint Maël, his wonderful conversions, his wide wanderings, and finally his voyage in a miraculous stone trough over the turbulent Northern Sea to an undiscovered island. After a detour of the place, the holy man, somewhat advanced in age and understanding, comes upon a circle of penguins. Mistaking them for a primitive heathen people, Saint Maël explains to them successively Adoption, Rebirth, Regeneration, and Illumination, and then in three days and three nights baptizes them all. "When the baptism of the penguins was known in Heaven," proceeds the historian with the suave gravity which heightens the effect of his daring, "it caused there neither joy nor sorrow, but extreme surprise. The Lord himself was embarrassed. He called an assembly of scholars and theologians and asked them if they considered the baptism valid." As the result of a long, hot debate, participated in by Saint Patrick and Saint Catherine, Saint Augustine and Saint Anthony, Tertullian, Orosius, and Saint Gregory of Nazianzen, with interposed questions and objections by the Lord, it was decided that the penguins must be changed into men. And it was done. Thus does M. France admit the supernatural, when it appears! Since Lucian set the infernal gods quarrelling over ferry hire in Hades, dramatized the loves of the Olympians, and represented Zeus, when Timon began to rail, as inquiring casually of Hermes what dirty fellow was bawling from Attica beside Hymettus, no one, perhaps, has dealt so unabashedly with the reigning dynasty of the Heavenly Ones. A late unpersecuted Voltaire—tolerance has made a long march since the eighteenth century—he would gently laugh Jehovah out of Paradise. *Rien n'est plus lâche*, says Pascal, *que de faire le brave contre Dieu.* True, one can fancy Anatole France replying, but see! The walls of chrysoprase, the solemn temples of the twelve-gated city are fast dissolving like an insubstantial pageant of the air. Is it not better to smile than to weep?

With similar fidelity to the instructions of his adviser against disparaging sacred institutions, M. France describes the origins of "property, nobility, and gendarmery." Shortly after the baptism and transformation of the penguins, they begin to clothe themselves, enclose land, and fight. One brains his neighbor with a club; another furious fellow fixes his teeth in the nose of his prostrate adversary; a third brays the head of a woman under an enormous stone. Saint Maël is horrified, but he is assured by a religious brother of wider experience that the penguins are accomplishing the most august of functions—"they are creating law; they are founding property; they are establishing the principles of civilization." All this reminds one of the "Social Contract" and the famous "Discourses" of Rousseau, but it is to be remembered that in the state of nature the penguins were feathered bipeds. No golden age glimmers for Anatole France behind the age of blood. Indeed, in "M. Jérôme Coignard," he has subjected the revolutionary illusions to the most penetrating criticism: "If one is going to take a hand in governing men," he declares, "one must not forget that they are bad monkeys." The history of the penguin nation is the history of half-intelligent beasts—the history of Yahoos and Houyhnhnms. At this point, I cannot forbear quoting the brief, mordant sketch of "Draco the Great," a hero of the Middle Ages:

> He carried fire indifferently over the territory of the enemy and his own domain. And he was wont to say, to explain his conduct: "War without burning is like tripe without mustard; it is insipid." His justice was rigorous. When the peasants whom he had taken prisoners could not pay their ransom, he had them hanged on a tree, and if any unfortunate woman came to beg his mercy on her penniless husband, he dragged her by the hair at the tail of his horse. He lived like a soldier, free from effeminacy (*Il vécut en soldat, sans mollesse*). It is a pleasure to acknowledge that his morals were pure.

Something in that reminds one at the same time of Swift and of Tacitus. If the style is indeed the man himself, there is a tincture of iron in the blood of this Epicure.

There is much piquancy in the contemptuous account of Les Temps Modernes, but one feels the author's point most sharply in the exultant pessimism of his vision of the future. The notion that there is a grim limit set to the evolution of life on our planet has long been dear to the heart of M. France. Long ago he prophetically buried the last desperate relic of our race in the frozen rind of the sunless world. But here he has worked out more fully the stages by which the human tragedy is to decline to the ultimate catastrophe. Before the somewhat remote Last Day there are to be a number of false or temporary endings precipitated by forces at work within the social organism. M. France seems now to have turned his back upon the socialistic hope which he courted a few years ago. To the centralizing tendency of wealth no effective check can be opposed; in the long run, it is as irresistible as gravitation, the rising of sap in forests, the swing of planets in their orbits. But at certain periods when the remorseless oppression of capitalists brings the lower orders to the verge of extinction, they will gain for themselves a dreary

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breathing space with dynamite. They will level all populous cities to the dust and incinerate the painfully acquired material and intellectual riches of civilization. For a little while the exhausted survivors will rest, and gasping in dismal anarchy recover their animal strength. Then the old blind urge of life will begin anew; step by step poor posterity will fight its way up the long ascent again; once more the many-storied cities will hum, and lean anæmic millionaires, Pharoahs half-mummified, lord it over the Egyptian millions laying the bricks for their mausoleums. And so the odd wheel of life will turn round and round in concentric circles, ever shortening its diameter, till at last it vanishes in a point, and the barren globe freed of its feverish animalcules journeys on through the void!

V.

"It is the duty of every thinker who has formed an idea of the world," says M. France in one of his essays on contemporary literature, "to express that idea, whatever it may be." If the last chapters of "L'Ile des Pingouins" were a faithful transcript of his sense of the facts of life crowding in upon the sensitive consciousness, we should have deeply to commiserate the author. But the pessimism of M. France is partly polemical. "The spiritualist," Emerson tells us, "finds himself driven to express his faith in a series of skepticisms." M. France began life as a devout humanist, forming his taste and his style on the noblest literature of Greece and Rome. In early manhood, however, he felt powerfully the new hope and enthusiasm of the early followers of Darwin. To the young men of his generation, it was a fresh, firmly-founded revolutionary gospel. But as the century wore on, the scientific millennium receded into the infinitely remote future. To believe in it demanded as pure an exercise of faith as to believe in the New Jerusalem. M. France's faith was unequal to the task. What faith remained in him reverted to his early humanism. Meantime the unreflecting mass of humanity had caught the fanatic fervor of the scientific dream, and had left humanism far in the rear. When M. France returned to the temples of his gods he found them empty of worshippers. And so, like most humanists to-day, he is a disheartened humanist. He would, perhaps, have spoken seriously of his faith if he could have found serious listeners. It is rather dreary to praise Pallas Athene in perfect solitude. It is more diverting to steal into the camp of the victors, and mock their cause and insinuate horrible doubt into every heart. Yet by a happy law of the universe only the potential philanthropist can be misanthropic. The Olympian detachment of M. France is illusory. Without a place to stand on, a man can no more despise his fellows than Archimedes could lift the world. So long as M. France despises us, we need not despair; the earth beneath his scornful feet is a part of the common heritage.

I find a still more serious flaw in the would-be seamless garment of M. France's skepticism. He has often assured us that the skeptic is a good citizen, because, uncertain of all things, he is the least radical of men. But the salt of the right skeptic is the love of truth. Whatever enters his head he reports freely, as one holding a commission to act as the disinterested intelligence of mankind, surveying the past and present and spying out the future. That salt was in the virile fibre of Montaigne sitting in his tower in Perigord, cupboarding the choice viands of the ancients and portraying with unflinching hand the manners and mind of the man he knew best. But Anatole France —does he candidly attempt to represent the world as it appears? Does he love truth and the search for truth above all else? As it seems to me, he loves above all else the luxury of philosophic despair. He is a kind of refined, philosophical sentimentalist. With the assiduity of the Graveyard Poets, he cultivates and cherishes those truths, or seeming truths, which make for melancholy. We hear every day: This is the truth; we must face it. The fact is we may usually turn our back upon it, and it is often the part of wisdom to do so. There may be a more wholesome truth at the opposite point of the compass. It is true that when a good man dies he rots like a rascal. It is also true that he lives a fragrant life in the memory of his friends. To embrace the latter truth, strengthens the heart; but a certain kind of sentimentalist always embraces the worm that inherits the shroud. It is the truth; we must face it. But no man can face all truth. We judge a man's wisdom by his power of making intimates of those truths which give channel and speed to the languid, diffusive drift of his days. M. France has sought through all the world for truths inducing in the perceiver a pensive and helpless sadness. M. France is too much concerned about the misery of the last man. If the good die young, as there is some warrant for believing, the last man will deserve hanging.

The skepticism of M. France is largely a literary pose. It is his justification for making capital of all unspeakable things. For a good skeptic he knows altogether too much about the future. When a man's philosophy has carried him to the point where several million years of civilization are as to-morrow, are as nothing, to him, it is a pity that it should not go a step further to the point where space vanishes and time expires and the illusive ages evaporate into the eternity of the everlasting Now. For a good skeptic he is altogether too sure that the world has exhausted its possibilities. He holds, indeed, that we live in a bright-flowing mist of days and nights, of sleeping and waking dreams. But he does not hold this belief with strength enough to be dumb and astonished at thought of the germs of new orders of ideas now forming in society or slumbering as yet unstirred in the unused mind of the world. He does not recognize as frankly as a skeptic should how plastic is the eternal flux under the creative urgency of the desire of man, who had only to say, "Let the flux be peopled with demons and with seraphim," and it was. Only the new-born babe enjoys, however, that purity of uncertainty to which M. France pretends. And as soon as the babe first sniffs the vital air, it is a judge as well as an observer. It discovers at once that for the present at least some things are good and beautiful, and others terrible and necessary.

STUART P. SHERMAN.

Correspondence.

FROM LOMBROSO TO SHAKESPEARE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The conviction that the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy was after all confined to a narrow circle of scholars never forced itself so strongly upon me as when I took up other recent writings on Shakespeare, the authors of which succeed in finding new and living material for modern study in the familiar dramas. Among such books is August Goll's "Criminal Types in Shakespeare" ("Forbrydertyper hos Shakespeare," Gyldendal, Copenhagen, 1908). The author, a Danish police inspector, presents Shakespeare in a new light, as a criminologist. Much has been written of Shakespeare as a psychologist, but his value to the student of crime has only recently been discovered. It is not my intention to review Goll's book. I want rather to make clear how it came to be written, and hope that the explanation will prove interesting to the Shakespeare scholar and the student of criminology alike.

Goll wrote his book because the present state of criminal psychology filled him with despair. At one time he marched in the ranks of those enthusiasts who flocked about Lombroso and his school, and like him he saw in the criminal a species of humanity, a particular genus in the zoological group *homo sapiens*. He swore like him by the impossibility of deception in innumerable measurings and weighings, by the many deviations from the normal which characterize the criminal. But, again, he was one of the first to see that though Lombroso's characteristic marks undoubtedly do fit a small group of degenerate criminals who are closely related to the weak-minded and insane, there are many cases which they do not fit at all. He was obliged to acknowledge that criminals themselves do not differ materially in their thoughts, feelings, and will from others. He could not fail to see that a particular

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psychology did not even fit a particular group of criminals, that the same crime may be committed from absolutely different motives, while it is purely dependent on circumstances what will be the crime of a passionate or crafty character.

We are all being forced to the conclusion, as was Herr Goll, that it would be better for criminal psychology if criminalists, instead of pointing out artificial similarities among all criminals, would show us real differences between individual criminals. It would be of greater value if they would collect single observations and experiences and present them in an objective form, so that the master-mind that will come some day may find sufficient material at hand to be able to construct out of all these details a plastic whole.

Actuated by this hope criminalists all over the world are beginning to collect accounts of peculiar criminal careers and medical examinations of criminals. These studies have already shown how short-sighted we were till within the last few years. They prove that the former classification, according to the kind of *crime*, only leads to confusion, that the *criminal* is the point to consider in all classifications. It must not be forgotten that all these examinations are of criminals in prison or on trial. But that the criminal in prison is *not a trustworthy source of information* about the criminal at large is clear even to the layman.

It is therefore only natural that we should try to supplement what we learn from a direct source of information by what we learn from an indirect source, that we should turn from reality to its reflection—from life to literature. Of course we must first choose carefully the kind of literature that has real bearing on the subject, for there is a literature about crime and a literature about criminals.

To the first belongs the real detective story. However exciting a tale of Conan Doyle, for instance, may be, it is always the crime and not the criminal that interests the author and the reader.

Then, too, the real criminal literature, of which criminals themselves are the authors, is of very little value to the criminalist. Several criminals have appeared in literature, as, for instance, the Marquis de Sade, Casanova, Cellini, Villon, Harry Orchard, etc. We might also include some poems of the greatest French lyric poet of the last fifty years, Paul Verlaine. Lombroso and his school collected hundreds of poems, proverbs, etc., by all kinds of criminals. But it is just this criminal literature that shows how little we can believe the criminal. At best he is able to reveal only what he has retained of ordinary human feelings.

Another sort of literature is written by people who have associated with criminals in a friendly way, like Josiah Flynt, and Hans Leuss. But these books, valuable though they often are, enter only into the criminal's opinions of justice and how he escapes it. Besides, their aim is generally to agitate and make a sensation.

There remain only the great poets. These lay the criminal's soul open like a book. They show us the birth of the motive, the nervous strain that develops with it, the consideration of the kind of crime, the gradual growth of the determination and the execution, the mental moods during and after the deed. They follow the criminal through love and hate, storm and calm, not merely as spectators and critics, but as if in the person of the criminal himself, as one who sees deeper than any criminal can. To them the criminal psychologists should turn with confidence. In our day, Dostoevsky has described criminal individuals in his "Raskolnikov" and in "Memoirs from a Death House," as prison governors and criminal psychologists *have tried in vain to describe them.* Above him, the greatest Slav, stands the greatest Teuton, Shakespeare. Goll thinks that in studying Shakespeare's criminals we come as near as possible to the ideal of "seeing the criminal in the man, the man in the criminal."

He sees in Caliban the congenital criminal, the creature with the purely anti-social nature whom Prospero tries to reform. Prospero gives him shelter——he makes use of it to attempt rape. Prospero teaches him the power of language—he uses it to curse. Prospero teaches him the faculty of thought—he uses it to ponder on evil schemes. He loves but one thing, spirits; and fears but one, punishment. He is capable only of the lowest kind of work, and has to be forced to do that.

From this primitive criminal, Goll leads us on up to the political criminal, to hate-filled Brutus and the doctrinarian Cassius. Naturally enough, he finds but little new to say about Richard the Third; his analysis of Iago, *on the other hand, is masterly.* He lays bare the erotic side of Iago's hatred of Othello—his "instinct of erotic cruelty," as the criminalists now call it. Iago's speeches are all embittered by sexual insinuations. He sees in others only the expression of coarse, sexual motives, the best sign that they alone underlie his own actions. He finds satisfaction in poisoning Othello's enjoyment of Desdemona's love, and takes pleasure in seeing her martyred, first her soul, then her body.

However, as I have said, these lines are not intended to follow the ingenious author through his analysis of all Shakespeare's criminals. The book is strong enough to speak for itself. My purpose is only to show what undiscovered treasures still lie in Shakespeare, treasures which, to me at least, are infinitely more interesting than all the acrostics that patient searching might reveal.

ADALBERT ALBRECHT.

Boston, July 23.

CROMWELL AND AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The yet unsettled historical question whether John Hampden, Oliver Cromwell, and Arthur Haselrigge had taken their passages for New England in 1638, might well be revised, in view of certain entries that appear in the recently published "Acts of the Privy Council, 1613, 1680."

It will be remembered that Neale, in his "History of the Puritans" (vol. I, p. 618), says:

It deserves a particular notice that there were eight sail of ships at once, this spring, in the river Thames, bound for New England, and filled with Puritan families, among whom (if we may believe Dr. George Bates and Mr. Dugdale, two famous Royalists) were Oliver Cromwell, afterward Protector of the Commonwealth of England, John Hampden, Esq., and Mr. Arthur Haselrigge, who, seeing no end of the oppressions of their native country, determined to spend the remainder of their days in America; but the Council, being informed of their design, issued out an order, dated May 1st, 1638, to make stay of those ships and to put on shore all the provisions intended for the voyage.

Excepting that the dates do not exactly agree, the following order of the 30th of March, 1638, confirms the foregoing statement, as to the stay of the ships and the relanding of the passengers and provisions:

Whitehall, 30th March.

It was this day ordered for reasons importing the State, best known unto theire Lordshipps: That the Lord Treasurer of England shall take speedy and effectual order, for the stay of eight shipps now on the River of Thames, prepared to go for New England: And shall lykewise give order for the putting on land, of all the Passengers and provisions therein intended for that voyage.

On the 6th of April, upon the humble petition of the merchants, passengers, and owners of ships bound for New England, the restraint was removed, and the passengers were allowed to proceed on their voyage. At the same time, owing to frequent resort to New England of persons ill-affected to church and government, it was decided that a Proclamation should be issued prohibiting passengers being taken to New England unless they had first obtained special license on that behalf from the Lords of the Council for Plantations.

A search for the petitions of the passengers has been made among the Privy Council records, but without result. As Archbishop Laud was present at both the meetings of the Council, it is possible that the documents may be among the papers preserved in the Library at Lambeth.

That Cromwell did contemplate leaving Old England, in 1641, is recorded in Clarendon's "History of the Revolution" (vol. I, p. 312) where that stanch Royalist states that after the debate in the commons, Cromwell whispered Falkland "in the ear," as the two were leaving the House, that

if his Remonstrance had been rejected, he would have sold all he had, the next morning, and never have seen England more; and he knew there were many other honest men of the same resolution.

Clarendon further tells us (vol. I, p. 377), that, until the King revived their courage, by his demand for the five members of the House of Commons, "some of them had resumed their old resolutions of leaving the Kingdom." These last words show that the idea of emigrating was not a new one.

N. DARNELL DAVIS.

Bathsheba, Barbados, June 24.

RELIGIOUS AUTHORITY IN TURKEY AND PERSIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an editorial in the *Nation* of July 15, there is a sentence which may lead to misunderstanding. You say, foot of last column of p. 45: "Once more it was shown that the religious authority of Sultan or Shah was no very terrible weapon, after all."

The Shah of Persia has no religious authority and stands, in that respect, in an absolutely different position from the Sul-

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tan of the Ottoman Turks. He is a mere *locum tenens* and maintainer of public order until the Hidden Imam, the divinely appointed and guided Head of the Shi'ite world, returns from his century-long banishment. In the meantime the Mujtahids, the Shi'ite clergy, are the representatives of that Imam in spiritual things, and they form practically an ultimate court of appeal. Their "excommunication" of the Shah can mean only a declaration on their part that he has violated essential elements of Islam and is no longer fit to be a ruler of any kind.

The Ottoman Sultan, on the other hand, has religious authority, as he claims to be the Khalifa or successor of the Prophet, the spiritual head of the Moslem world. To enter upon the grounds of that claim and the extent to which it is admitted would take too much of your space. But there is one thing above even the Sultan-Khalifa, and that is the Moslem people itself. If he violates essential elements of Islam, the people have a full constitutional right to depose him; the democratic basis of Moslem government has never entirely vanished—it only makes use of an autocratic executive. In Turkey this popular will is supposed to be expressed through the Shaikh al-Islam, the head of all the Ulama, the canon lawyers, and theologians. They and he represent the people, while in Persia the Mujtahids represent the Hidden Imam. Thus the deposition of Abd el-Hamid was carried out strictly according to constitutional law, and that law affected him both as Sultan and as Khalifa.

DUNCAN B. MACDONALD.

Hartford, Conn., July 15.

TEACHERS OF ADVANCED MATHEMATICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is a generally unknown fact, but one that should be of interest both to the public and especially to students of mathematical bent, that at present the demand for teachers of advanced mathematics distinctly exceeds the supply. In support of the statement that such an excess exists I may cite the fact that one Eastern university professor, though in no way connected with any teachers' agency, has, within the last three months, received from widely distributed sections of the country no less than a score of requests for nominations for mathematical teacherships, ranging in grade from instructorships in technological schools to university professorships; and that, though the professor referred to has an extensive acquaintance among teachers and advanced students of mathematics, he was far from able to meet all the requests. It is fair to assume that other professors of mathematics have had a similar experience.

CASSIUS J. KEYSER.

New York, July 22.

HANGING ANIMALS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Does not the proverb, "Give a dog a bad name and hang him," at least imply that the trial and execution of animals was once a matter of popular knowledge, if not of popular experience? Scott, also, seemed to think that the matter required no explanation when, in "The Talisman," Chapter xxiv, he has Henry of Champagne exclaim, "It were well to hang up the dog, and put the slave to the torture."

R. P. UTTER.

Amherst, Mass., July 22.

Notes.

Mrs. Lecky has written a life of her husband, W. E. H. Lecky, which will be published by Longmans, Green & Co. in the autumn.

The first volume of Gustavus Myers's "History of the Great American Fortunes" will be published in September by Charles H. Kerr & Co. The second and third volumes, completing the work, will be issued as soon after that date as possible.

It gives us pleasure to note that a bust of that excellent Manx poet and letter-writer, T. E. Brown, has been unveiled at Douglas, on the Isle of Man. The bust is the work of a Manx sculptor, Mr. J. W. Swynnerton.

Those who are mildly interested in the period of Queen Anne will be entertained and instructed by Lawrence Lewis's little book on "The Advertisements of the *Spectator:* Being a study of the Literature, History and Manners of Queen Anne's England as they are reflected therein, as well as an illustration of the Origins of Advertising" (Houghton Mifflin Co.). It serves as a very fair substitute, so far as the advertisements are concerned, for the rare original sheets of the *Spectator*, and conveniently classifies its illustrations of Queen Anne lotteries, costumes, dancing-schools, theatres, and much more. Even careful students of the period will profit by the second chapter, the conclusions of which are important and well founded. But, pleasantly as Mr. Lewis fulfils the promise of his sub-title, the value of his book would be considerably greater had he not seen fit to isolate the *Spectator* from its predecessors and contemporaries. It is particularly to be regretted that he has neglected the *Tatler*, which serves even better than the *Spectator* to answer some of the problems that beset a student of the Queen Anne periodical considered as a business enterprise. A thorough study of the advertisements in the *Tatler*, for instance, would certainly modify the impression that the *Spectator* is of paramount importance as an illustration of the origins of advertising.

A faint Browning Club aroma hangs about "Utopian Papers" (London: Masters & Co.), a collection of discourses and essays edited by Dorothea Hollins. Patrick Geddes is the only well-known name among the half-score contributors to this gentle, amateurish volume of reflections on things as they are not. So far as an outsider may gather from the rather esoteric style of the editor, the Utopians are a group of London residents interested in ideals, who meet frequently for the interchange of thought and sometimes find the result good enough to print. A paper on Chelsea, Past and Possible, is followed by one on Utopia's Past and Present, and another on the Utopian Imagination. But we get rather far away from our subject when it comes to a study of St. Columba, or Goethe, or Indian Thought. It is characteristic of nearly all ideal world-builders that they deal with the concrete and the commonplace. What the authority of husband over wife will be, how many hours a day children will pass in school, the number of people to a table at the public mess, and the color and texture of the garment reserved for magistrates, predominate over detail of spirit and mind. No such precision marks the present volume whose right to the adjective Utopian is partly justified by the fact that it gets nowhere in particular.

The nineteenth volume of "Harvard Studies in Classical Philology" (Harvard University, 1908) contains as its leading article a discussion by the late Louis Dyer of "The Olympian Council House and Council," in which he defends against J. G. Frazer the current identification of certain remains as those of its foundations, uses them as evidence to prove the hitherto unsuspected existence at Olympia of a pre-Dorian Amphictyonic League, and then elucidates certain points in the history of the council. In the following articles, Joseph W. Hewitt examines the worship of Zeus under various surnames, and shows that this bright-sky deity's cult was extended by conquest among peoples who had worshipped chthonic deities, with whom Zeus became more or less identified; Sereno B. Clark decides from metrical considerations that the "double letters" in the "Heroides" were written by Ovid, but at an undeterminable date; and William H. P. Hatch makes a lexicographical study of a group of Greek words of religious significance during the period as far down as 300 B. C. The studies as a whole are respectable rather than brilliant, but that by Mr. Dyer will be likely to provoke more than passing comment among students of Peloponnesian history.

In view of the leisurely fashion in which most of the calendars of English state papers drag forward, William Foster is to be commended for the dispatch with which he has brought out within a year another volume of "The English Factories in India" (Henry Frowde). In the period covered by this third volume, 1624-1629, the English trade improved considerably, in spite of the difficulty of raising capital at home. Indian calicoes began to be heavily imported, so that, whereas the English had formerly paid the foreigner £500,000 per annum for hollands, lawns and cambrics, they were now able to save more than half that sum, and began even to vend their calicoes from India in foreign parts. The rivalry of the English and the Dutch still caused bitterness in the Far East around Batavia; but in the West, from Surat to the Persian Gulf, where they met the hateful competition of the Catholic Portuguese, the English reported that the Dutch agreed to "sticke as close unto us as the sherts one our backs, wee promisinge the like unto them." Together they fought many a good fight against the Portuguese, and showed that the spirit of Drake and Hawkins and the Sea-Beggars of an earlier generation had not departed. In view of the later greatness of Bombay, it is interesting to note that as early as 1626 the English cast their eye upon it as a place of "noe ill ayre, but a pleasant, fruitful soile and excellent harbor"; a mate made a sketch of the ba which is here reproduced as the frontis-

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piece. No settlement, however, was made at this time, as the place was too exposed to Portuguese depredations. Of the 366 documents calendared with discrimination and indexed with care in this volume, a majority deal with the activities of the company on the west coast of India, some tell of the attempts to secure more trade on the east coast, near Madras, and of the failures of the English in the Far East; and others give much valuable information in regard to important events in the internal history of the Mogul Empire.

"Our Foreign Service—the 'A B C' of American Diplomacy," by Frederick Van Dyne (The Lawyers Coöperative Publishing Company, Rochester, N. Y.), is a systematic account of the organization and duties of our diplomatic and consular service. It is purely expository, and it includes a bibliography of the subject, statements of legal form, and a complete schedule of the consular service. The work appears to have been executed in a thorough and painstaking manner.

"The Federal Civil Service as a Career," by El Bie K. Foltz (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is evidently the outcome of the growing disposition to regard public service as a professional career, and to prepare for it as such. The book is offered as a manual for applicants for positions in the civil service and for those already in who desire to improve their qualifications. The style is marred by journalistic fustian, as, for example: "So voracious is the American appetite for gold that the money devil seems to have gotten his fangs into many of our university men." The book contains useful information, and seems to be based upon a careful study of routine detail.

The latest addition to the excellent Manuali Hoepli, issued by Ulrico Hoepli, in Milan, is "Le rovine del Palatino," by Dominico Canogni, a leading authority in the archæology and history of Rome. It is richly illustrated and contains a good plan of the Mons Palatinus.

The theory that Von Kleist was anything but a physical degenerate and one mentally unbalanced, will be rather startling to many, but it is the basis of S. Rahmer's new work, "Heinrich von Kleist als Mensch und Denker," a volume of 433 pages, with two portraits, published at Berlin by George Reimer. After wrestling some years with the "Kleist Problem," Rahmer concluded that more than one accepted theory about the poet was false—that, for example, instead of being a recluse and morose by nature, he had in reality a good deal to do with men and affairs of his time, as is proved by his correspondence and his works. Examination of the Von Kleist archives brought disappointment, but a search for other contemporary evidence led to the discovery of much material concerning Zschokke, Varnhagen, and others, hitherto quite unknown. With a scientific preference for the truth, however, Herr Rahmer admits that he has not yet been able to get as much support for his theory as he wished or expected.

In three volumes Dr. Johann Friedrich von Schulte presents his Reminiscences as a jurist and teacher, and one long active in public life in Germany (Giessen: Emil Roth). The third volume is particularly interesting to foreigners on account of several essays setting forth Germany's relations to the Vatican and the author's recollections of Bismarck.

Prof. P. Jensen of the University of Marburg has evidently been dissatisfied with the reception accorded by philologians and theologians to his great work of more than a thousand pages issued two years ago under the title of "Das Gilgamesch Epos und die Weltliteratur," in which he undertook to show that the bulk of old Testament narratives, especially the personal, as also the doings of Jesus, are really adaptations from the data found in the famous Babylonian Epic of Gilgamesh. He now brings out a smaller work, indeed only a good-sized brochure, entitled "Moses, Jesus, Paulus: Drei Sagenvarianten des babylonischen Gottmenschen Gilgamesch," with the significant sub-title "Eine Anklage wider Theologen und Sophisten und ein Appell an die Laien" (Frankfurt a. M., Neuer Frankfurter Verlag). The new feature of this argument is that the Apostle Paul is also made a reflection and reproduction of episodes and characters in the Gilgamesh Epic. It must be acknowledged that Jensen, who is an able Assyriologist, has found a number of striking parallels between Paul and Gilgamesh, which are all the more noteworthy because they are not the expression of religious beliefs or feelings common to all men, but of historical facts and events in the lives of these two personages. The weakness of his method is that he does not and cannot show any inner connection between these phenomena that externally look so much alike. It is the old fallacy of *post hoc ergo propter hoc.*

The first part of the fifth volume of Nietzsche's correspondence, edited by Elizabeth Förster-Nietzsche, has appeared from the press of the Insel Verlag, Leipzig, under the title "Friedrich Nietzsche's Briefe an Mutter und Schwester." The letters were written chiefly between 1856 and 1889, but the entire period is not covered, probably because Nietzsche was several times at home and long in such close personal association with his relatives that letter writing was unusual. Much of this new correspondence is very personal, and the reasons offered for putting it into type are the continued attacks on Nietzsche's memory, and the demand of his admirers for more light on the inner mind of the mysterious thinker. The letters naturally include Nietzsche's spiteful criticism of Frau Lou Andreas-Salomé and Dr. Paul Rée, whom the philosopher relied upon for certain scientific coöperation, and with whom, when they failed him, he dealt so severely that they are likely to enjoy a certain unwelcome immortality. To remove somewhat the bitterness of this unhappy experience, the editor seeks to show that Nietzsche criticised Rée and Salomé as a matter of principle, rather than through personal hatred.

A young Danish philologist, Hans Brix, has recently, through the Schubotheske publishing firm (represented in America by the Gyldendal Publishing House, Chicago), under the title "Fagre Ord" (Words of Beauty), given to the public an interpretation of a number of the most famous Danish lyrics, beginning with the national anthem. The application of philological methods to the interpretation of modern lyrics is a matter of such rare occurrence that any serious attempt in that line is bound to be interesting. Mr. Brix succeeds, even in regard to the national song itself, in dispelling misunderstandings and throwing light on passages, which, it can be taken for granted, up to this time not one out of a hundred Danes understand correctly.

H. Aschehoug & Co. of Christiania have just sent out the last (sixteenth) fascicle of the Danish-Norwegian dictionary (Dansk-Norsk Ordbok), prepared by S. Schjött and published, in part, at public expense. Danish-Norwegian in this case means from Danish into Norwegian, *i. e.*, a dictionary of the Danish language giving the Norwegian (*landsmaal*) equivalents. Under a Norwegian law passed three years ago, it will be compulsory two years from now for all those who desire to be matriculated in the university (or, as they say in Norway, pass the *examen artium*) to prove their ability to write, not only the usual city, or book language, but also the so-called *landsmaal*, a kind of common denominator of the different country dialects. While the main stock of the regular written language is of Danish origin, the Danish influence on the country dialects has been relatively slight, and the *landsmaal*, which, therefore, is essentially Norwegian in character, has, of late made such progress as a medium of instruction in the public schools that some of the partisans of the essentially Danish *rigsmaal* or *kulturmaal*—which itself, of late, by a spelling reform, imposed by the Michelsen ministry on the schools and all public institutions, has been greatly Norwegianized—have taken fright and formed *rigsmaal* associations. The novelist Björnson has been one of the leaders of this movement, and it is likely that the intense interest taken by him in this question has helped to bring about the illness from which he is now suffering. Schjött's dictionary will be of interest not only to Norwegian students and teachers but to everybody interested in Scandinavian studies.

After an illness of some days the Rev. Dr. William Reed Huntington, the well-known rector of Grace Episcopal Church, New York, died last Monday, at Nahant, in his seventy-first year. Dr. Huntington was an active worker in the church, but found time also to write a number of books, including: "The Church Idea," "Conditional Immortality," "Popular Misconceptions of the Episcopal Church," "The Causes of the Soul," "The Peace of the Church," "Short History of the Book of Common Prayer," "The Spiritual House," "A National Church," "Psyche, a Study of the Soul," "Four Key Words of Religion," "Sonnets and a Dream," and "A Good Shepherd and Other Sermons."

Hans Hoffmann, the German novelist, has died at Weimar, in his sixty-first year. Among his stories are "Brigitta von Wisby," "Im Land der Phäaken," "Vom Lebenswege," "Ostseemärchen," "Landsturm," and "Von Haff und Hafen."

Baron Detlev Axel Adolph Liliencron, the German poet, died July 22, at the age of sixty-five. Besides his books of verse, he wrote several novels depicting military life.

From Breslau comes the report of the death of Dr. Emil Bohn, professor of the History of Music in the university of that place. Among his books are "Bibliographie der Musik in der Breslauer Bibliothek," and

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"Die musikalische Handschriften in der Stadtbibliothek Breslau."

News comes of the death of Samuel Martin Deutsch, professor of theology in the University of Berlin, in his seventy-third year. His published works include "Die Lehre des Ambrosius von Sünde und Sündentilgung," "Drei Aktenstücke zur Geschichte des Donatismus," "Synode zu Sens 1141 und die Verurteilung Abälards," and "Peter Hagenbach."

THE AUTHORITATIVE LIFE OF POE.

The Life of Edgar Allan Poe, Personal and Literary; with his Chief Correspondence with Men of Letters. By George E. Woodberry. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 2 vols. 12mo. Pp. xii, 383; viii, 481. With illustrations. $5 net.

The appearance of these volumes is the most important event connected with the centenary of Poe. We might go farther and say that the present work is the chief biographical contribution yet made to Poe studies, but for the fact that the same author's monograph on Poe in the American Men of Letters may fairly be held to have laid the foundation for critical as opposed to partisan and amateur study of Poe's life and writings, and, in consequence, to have shaped, or at least influenced, most of the subsequent Poe literature that has any value. It is not likely, of course, that biographies of Poe will cease to appear, or that Mr. Woodberry, judicial and sanely sympathetic though he be, will be chosen—to his own chagrin—moderator of those unseemly wranglers, the Poeites and the Anti-Poeites. But it is likely that no large amount of new biographical detail calculated to affect our judgment of Poe awaits incorporation in a future book, and it is almost certain that better-informed, more impartially balanced, and more discreetly appreciative criticism of Poe's writings in their entirety is not to be looked for in our generation. Here and there an illuminating fact will doubtless come to light; we shall occasionally be led to shift an emphasis, to modify an inference; it will become less and less difficult to form a composite conception of Poe the gentleman and Poe the outcast, of Poe the true artist in verse and prose, and Poe the hack writer who took up his abode now and then in the purlieus of charlatanism; but our approaches to a more adequate and sympathetic understanding of what Poe was and did will be made along the lines of painstaking study, as opposed to hero-worship and demon-exorcism, first consistently and effectively followed by Mr. Woodberry.

The genesis of the volumes is succinctly described in their preface. Mr. Woodberry was joint editor of R. W. Griswold's papers relating to Poe, and he also edited the Poe-Chivers papers. Much information came to him from other sources—particularly, one may gather, from persons who contributed Poeana to the newspapers. It seemed desirable, therefore, for him to gather up his "earlier and later labors in a more full and precise biography" than his monograph of nearly a quarter of a century ago. He admits that during this period he did not engage "in personal investigation"—the failure to date some of the newspaper clippings utilized seems to be evidence of this fact—and he expresses the modest conviction that he has at least "made easier the way" for the ideal biographer.

Our opinion upon this point has already been given; another point made in the preface demands a word. Mr. Woodberry tells us that he has "aimed to make this, in the main, a literary biography," that "as such it has two special interests, in that it is a life led outside of New England," and that "it embodies much contemporaneous literary history not involved in any other life of our greater writers." Against these statements no caveat need be entered, but it seems fair to say, in the interest of the general reader who happens not to care greatly for Poe or for the American literature of Poe's period produced outside of New England—much more in the interest of the unpatriotic soul whose reading is not prevailingly confined to the writings of his own countrymen—that Poe and most of his correspondents were not great letter-writers, that it is a petty and often ignoble world which is evoked for our contemplation, and that such persons as distrust their powers of literary assimilation may legitimately hesitate before settling themselves to the task of reading through these more than eight hundred pages. There are doubtless readers who would find more pleasure and profit in Professor Woodberry's earlier biography than in this fuller work, which suffers from the defects of its qualities.

The undaunted reader of the present book, however, will get for his pains almost everything to be found in the earlier, for the criticism has been transferred bodily—at least to all intents—and a large part of the biographical narrative proper has been utilized unchanged. The expanding and the redistributing of material have been accomplished with quite exceptional skill, and we found the book readable from preface to index, not excepting the notes on obscure points with which each volume concludes.

The first chapter and the two opening notes show how carefully Mr. Woodberry's original investigations were made, and how completely unaffected they remain by recent attempts to deprive Boston of the little-prized honor of being Poe's birthplace. The details added with regard to Poe's school and college days need no comment, but a slight change made in the brief account of the publication of "Tamerlane and Other Poems" should not be overlooked. In his earlier work (p. 36), Mr. Woodberry drew from insufficient premises the conclusion that Poe lived in Boston in the spring of 1829, under an assumed name. In the new book, this inference is omitted, and the change is an indication not only of the care, but of the spirit of justice that has been manifested throughout the revision.

The fourth chapter deals with Poe's life in Baltimore, after he left West Point, and adds something to our knowledge of that mysterious period. Time will show whether more light can be thrown on these years, which are specially important, not only in the evolution of Poe's imagination, but in the development of his unfortunate habits and of his defects of body and mind. With regard to the relations sustained by Poe to the Allan family, and to the improbable charge of forgery brought against him—a charge ignored in the earlier biography—Mr. Woodberry gives an interesting note, which brings out the fact, not widely known, that there are Poe papers of presumable importance deposited in the Valentine Museum at Richmond, Virginia. They were placed there by the family of the first Mrs. Allan, and Mr. Woodberry is ignorant of their contents, having with uncommon discretion forborne to ask for a sight of documents not proffered to him. As twenty-five years have now gone by, it is much to be hoped that these papers, which may be the only means by which the scandalous tongue of tradition can be stopped, will be published speedily, and in their entirety. If they reveal nothing, the case for Poe will be helped by that fact. If they reveal unknown faults and misfortunes, we shall have all the more reason to emphasize Poe's subsequent efforts at reform and his hard-won triumphs as a writer.

It is in the fourth chapter that Poe first comes fairly before us as a correspondent—a fact which makes it necessary to recall the biography and the volume of correspondence prepared by Prof. James A. Harrison for the "Virginia Poe." The letter of May 30, 1835, from Poe to T. W. White of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, inserted by Mr. Woodberry (II. 110-113) is also printed by Professor Harrison (XVII, 4-6). Both give credit to the Griswold Papers, hence one scarcely expects to find about twenty-five small variations in punctuation, capitalization, paragraphing, etc. On making further comparisons, we were led to believe that Mr. Woodberry had the service of a better copyist than fell to Professor Harrison's lot, but that, in the main, it is a matter of indifference whether one quotes Poe and his correspondents through the medium of the present work or through that of

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the "Virginia Poe." Still, we should have been glad of a note on the subject of the text of the letters, particularly on that of the despairing appeal made by Poe to J. P. Kennedy on Sept. 11, 1835. Mr. Woodberry credits his text to the "Kennedy Manuscripts" (II, 138-141); Professor Harrison credits his to the "Griswold Collection" (XVII, 16-18). There are about thirty variations, some of which would be of the slightest importance, but for the fact that this letter nas been subjected to close analysis, in order that light might be thrown by it upon Poe's mental condition. We have known it to be used as evidence that he was under the influence of opium when he wrote it. If such uses are to be made of letters, it is desirable to secure absolute accuracy. A profusion of correctly inserted commas might lead to a verdict of "not guilty"; an abundance of misplaced dashes to a less favorable one. Our personal interest in this matter is of the slightest, but, if we stand upon the threshold of an Alexandrian period of our literature, it is surely time to safeguard the students of the future. We must settle our texts. Imagine the weary hours some yet unborn commentator will spend, endeavoring to determine whether Emerson employed a comma after some particularly orphic word, or whether Whitman separated two items in one of his catalogues with a dash or a semi-colon. If we will have cults, we and posterity must pay the penalty.

Passing rapidly to the end of the first volume, we note that Mr. Woodberry prints several letters which either are not given by Professor Harrison or else are synopsized. This continues to be true throughout the first half of the second volume, and it is a fact that adds considerably to the value of the present biography. The correspondence as given in the "Virginia Poe," however, is fuller and indispensable, and occasionally it might have been well for Mr. Woodberry to consult it carefully. For example, the phrase "morbid sociability," which he queries as used by F. W. Thomas (II, 16), appears in the Virginia text, "morbid sensibility" (XVII, 137). A few pages farther he would have found a letter which the Virginia editor presents as written by Poe to James T. Fields, an epistle which Mr. Woodberry is apparently correct in assigning to the Poe-Lowell correspondence. Was it magnanimity or oversight that was responsible for the fact that no note is given calling attention to the error? However this question may be answered, there can be no doubt that Mr. Woodberry is both careful and magnanimous in the way he substantiates an account of the sole interview between Poe and Lowell given in the earlier biography, and called in question by Professor Harrison. The latter had written:

That Mrs. Clemm, Poe's guardian-angel, the one woman in all the world most anxious to shield her nephew and son-in-law's reputation from the cruel criticism of strangers, should confess to the stranger Briggs that he was "tipsy" is altogether incredible, and rests only on the unauthenticated testimony of a man who was now Poe's professed enemy (the "Virginia Poe," I, 204).

Mr. Woodberry, in reply, leaves Briggs to take care of himself, but prints Mrs. Clemm's letter to Lowell of nearly five years later, in which she not only showed that her memory was good, but actually used the words, "The day you saw him in New York *he was not himself.*"

This matter is not so trivial as it seems. It is a thousand pities that Poe's frailties have been exploited in such a fashion that they cannot be overlooked or forgotten; but this is quite as much due to the indiscreet zeal of his admirers as to the putative ghoul-like instincts of Griswold and his successors. The facts had to be told, and, that being true, it is salutary and comfortable to find them prevailing over rhetorical sentiment. No admirer of Poe's genius need have any quarrel with the revelations made in this book. What we should set our faces against, is incompetent censoriousness, fatuous eulogy, and impertinent intermeddling in literary matters by untrained persons.

In his discussion of Poe's relations with women after his wife's death, and of the wretched tragedy at Baltimore, Mr. Woodberry seems to us to have presented as full and accurate a statement of the facts as is possible, and to have accomplished his difficult task with extraordinary tact. In his appendix, among other items, he gives letters from Lowell to Briggs, some unpublished correspondence of Poe, an excellent discussion of "Poe and Chivers" and a just account of "Griswold's World." The notes are valuable, and the index seems to be ample and careful. It is almost needless to add that but few misprints have been discovered. A Mr. Pleasants has lost the final s of his name, and John M. Daniel, the once famous editor of the Richmond *Examiner*, has been allotted one to which he has no claim. These trifles, with an obvious slip in a date (11, 113, *note* 2), are all that we have noted.

CURRENT FICTION.

Partners Three. By Victor Mapes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

From the absurd cover, with its crude three-in-a-row pattern, which encloses this narrative, and from the situation with which it opens, the reader may be led to expect a not unfamiliar type of criminal-mystery tale, with a more or less perfunctory "love-interest" thrown in. Crime it does undeniably contain, but not of that frightful mien in which the moralist exults, or used to exult. "Yesterday," begins the story-teller, "was the second anniversary of my arrival here in a cell at Sing Sing." The reader at once, as if automatically, begins to speculate as to whether safe-cracking, diamond-theft, or murder is to be the motive of the yarn to follow. But the ensuing statement turns out to be no less true than remarkable: "How I came to be brought here, what crime I committed, how I was caught and tried, are matters which have very little to do with the story I am starting out to tell." What follows is, in fact, a charming if perfectly unreasonable tale of sentiment. The whole affair has a freshness of savor for which the dutiful follower of current fiction must be grateful. For the story cannot be ranged in any of the familiar categories. It is neither tragical, comical, historical, criminal, sociological, nor even romantic-comical-sociological. It is a very simple story of the kind which very simple novelists are helpless to produce.

The book is, it will be seen, a bit of imaginary autobiography—purely imaginary, it must be admitted, so far as its form is concerned. No boy of "Patrick Isaac Ennis's" age, even if he had a college behind him, instead of a reform school, could write as this autobiographer writes. On the other hand, it may fairly be held that the author, being a romancer, not a realist, is successful in expressing the feeling and the mental experience of such a boy better than he could express it himself. Patrick Isaac Ennis is taken from the "House of Refuge" by a benevolent Dr. Joyce, an inventor and dreamer. This gentleman has already in charge a girl of about Patrick's age, whom he has some time earlier rescued from a still more desperate plight. These are the partners three. It may be said at once that Patrick Isaac Ennis (he is "Pie" to his partners) does not marry the girl, or even aspire to marry her. Beyond this item we do not wish to divulge any fact whatever in connection with a delightfully unconventional (yes, with its improvident genius, long-lost heiress, and all) romance.

The Lodger Overhead. By Charles Belmont Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The middle-aged bachelor who is sufficiently confirmed in his estate to watch life clearly from his own cosy corner, intervening at times to play the cynically benevolent *deus ex machina*, is a common enough type in fiction. The bachelor in the present collection of stories is a vague, Van Bibber-like person on whose elaborate furniture and fine linen and free use of cabs much stress is laid. He lives, of course, in apartments over a millinery shop, just west of Fifth Avenue, and not far from the theatrical district. He moves in good society; just how far below the

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society which Mrs. Wharton has made her own, a humble reviewer who writes for money finds it impossible to say. But Mr. Davis's folks do go down to the quieter Southern winter resorts, and drive out in their own motors to country clubs.

After injecting quite a dose of abstract speculation into his first story, our author seems to have had enough. At any rate, he settles down to dispensing narrative of a mildly moralistic, mildly sentimental flavor without particular character or distinction. Is it a trace of amateurishness, or is it actual fondness for a certain feminine pose that makes no less than five of his heroines, in moments of mental travail, lean forward in their chairs with their faces resting in their palms and their elbows on their knees? He gets commendably close to reality in the story of the brilliant girl who married a good-natured vulgarian without the sense of humor. A half-page description of a hurried meal at a railway luncheon-counter, is very nearly perfect. The story as a whole is excellent.

Nadir Shah. By Sir Mortimer Durand. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Sir Mortimer Durand deserves credit for having at least hesitated before he cast this work into the form of fiction. Nadir Shah was a great Turkoman soldier of the eighteenth century, who advanced through blood to the throne of Persia and set about the conquest of the Orient. His government, as here represented, was an able, iron despotism, tempered for a time by the influence of a humane Indian woman whom he made first his captive, then his queen. Against his sway a conspiracy was formed, which he repressed with barbarities reminding one of "Titus Andronicus." Involved in the plot was the shah's own son, whom he visited with the most horrible punishment. So much of the story, and it is the main part of it, seems to rest on pretty firm historical ground. There is material, certainly, in the life of Nadir Shah, for an extremely interesting historical monograph. But some of the sources were difficult of access and some of the evidence, as usual, contradictory. The author, therefore, preferred, while preserving as carefully as possible the known facts, to draw also on unsifted tradition and on his own acquaintance with the East and to a considerable extent on imagination to heighten the interest and color of his narrative. The narrative moves. It is written in a clear, straightforward style, not without force. It is enlivened by nearly a score of illustrations, some of them old and curious. Except for the character of the heroine, which savors something too much of the Occident, there is little to offend the sense of verisimilitude. Yet the book, like most others of its kind, falls between two stools: as fiction, it leaves us rather cold; as history, it leaves us rather suspicious.

Philip the Forester: A Romance of the Valley of Gardens. By Daniel Edwards Kennedy. Brookline, Mass.: The Queen's Shop. $4.50.

By the accompanying note to the public and by the sumptuous price announced therein, this book rightfully demands, first of all, comment on its exterior. The private press and bindery of the author are its birthplace. The large pages are printed from type on Italian hand-made paper of noble quality. The margins are lavish; the print handsome; the binding, an æsthetic dull red paper backed by a cool brown muslin, suggests no ephemeral fiction, but a real book sitting in honored company on the shelves of a real library. The proof-reading, especially in the matter of spelling, is not unassailable, whether from the simplified point of view or from that of the opposing camp. For the luxuriant commas there may be champions. They are at least a novelty to-day.

The contents, after disclosing beautifully printed title-page, dedication, and list of subscribers' names, concern themselves not with the Hewlett-like fantasy one might predict from the name, but with an American, oh! very American! mill-town and farming country, and with a young man who holds enlightened views on trees. Much of the action passes in the barroom of the "Golden Dog." The rest in bucolic and sylvan settings. Sincerity, good faith, nature-love, may not be questioned in counting the merits of the work. For detailed criticism as to form and style, the fiction reviewer, having sung the praises of the outer book, respectfully refers inquirers to the critic on bookbinding.

Dictionary of the Bible. Edited by James Hastings, D.D., with the cooperation of John A. Selbie, D.D., and with the assistance of John C. Lambert, D. D., and of Shailer Matthews, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Pp. xvi, 992. $5 net.

A Standard Bible Dictionary. Edited by Melancthon W. Jacobus, D.D., Edward E. Nourse, D.D., and Andrew C. Zenos, D.D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. Pp. xxiii, 920. $6.

A Commentary on the Holy Bible. By Various Writers. Edited by the Rev. J. R. Dummelow, M.A. Complete in one volume; with general articles and maps. New York: The Macmillan Co. Pp. cliii, 1091. $2.50 net.

If it be true that the Bible is not known and read to-day as in the time of our fathers, at least the demand for helps to its further elucidation seems almost unlimited. Seven or eight years ago appeared, practically at the same time, the large four and five-volume dictionaries of the Bible, edited by Cheyne and Hastings, respectively. While these met the wants of scholars, they did not meet the demands of that much more numerous body who could not afford such large and expensive works, who could not consult them in libraries, and who wished to have on their shelves some handy work to which they could refer speedily. To meet this demand two one-volume dictionaries of the Bible have appeared simultaneously, the one edited by that veteran dictionary-maker, James Hastings, the other by Dean Jacobus of the Hartford Theological Seminary. Both of these works represent approximately the same theological and critical position. They are conservatively critical.

Dr. Hastings's Dictionary is not an abridgment of his larger five-volume work. While he has had in this the cooperation of Dr. Selbie, who coöperated with him before, his other assistants, Dr. Lambert and Prof. Shailer Matthews of the University of Chicago, are new. The list of scholars contributing is also quite different from that contributing to the larger work, and American scholarship is very much better represented, presumably owing to Prof. Shailer Matthews's coöperation. Occasionally, it is true, an article in the smaller Dictionary is written by the same person who wrote the corresponding article in the larger work, but this is the exception. The print of this work is small but clear. Space is carefully economized; and there is almost nothing in the way of preface or introduction. There are no illustrations and but one map of "the ancient East," which, we regret to say, is poor, inaccurate, and not up to date. At the close of the volume there is an additional note to his article on Assyria and Babylonia, by the Rev. C. H. W. Johns, intended to correct the chronology of that article on the basis of King's "Chronicles" and Hilprecht's "Chronological Tablets from the Temple Library at Nippur."

The editor of the "Standard Bible Dictionary" is an American, and the bulk of the writers in this volume are American scholars, the Hartford Theological Seminary furnishing the principal contingent. It is interesting to note, as indicating the connections of scholarship in England and America, respectively, that, whereas only two German scholars contribute to the English work, five Germans and one Dutchman are named in the much smaller list of contributors to the American volume. The latter is printed in larger type and contains over 400 illustrations, wood-cuts, half-tones, and maps, some of which are admirable, others mediocre, and a few bad. Most of the illustrations are from photo-

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graphs taken by recent explorers, among which the pictures of implements and utensils furnished by Professors Grant and Paton are particularly valuable. The topographical chart of Jerusalem, accompanying Professor Paton's article, deserves special commendation for the clear-cut view which it gives of the physical conformation of the city and the ingenious way in which, by printing the letters and the numbers on the tissue-paper cover, instead of on the map itself, one obtains an unconfused view of the whole. The "Standard Dictionary" is furnished, further, with thumb-holes, lettered to correspond to the articles, so that the user may turn quickly to the word sought. The larger articles are divided into sections by box-heads, numbered consecutively to facilitate cross reference.

In scholarship, the two works stand on about the same plane, and, as already stated, the critical and scholarly point of view in both is practically identical, as shown by a comparison of such articles as Abraham, Jerusalem, and John. The American work is somewhat more inclined to be homiletical and to deal with theological topics, or questions of belief. In text content, it is about one-fifth smaller than the English work. At the same time, from its practical arrangement, its larger print, and its abundant illustrations, it is presumably the better adapted for the class of users for whom it was intended—busy ministers, Bible-class teachers, and Bible students.

For the same class of readers, the Macmillan Company has published a one-volume commentary on the whole Bible, edited by the Rev. J. R. Dummelow. This work is more distinctly Anglican. Very few American and no German names are included in the list of contributors, while the great majority of the writers are clergymen of the Church of England. The editor prefaces his work by the Collect for the Second Sunday in Advent, from the English Prayer Book. After this most readers would expect to find a very pious and antediluvian volume. That this is not the case is evidence of the great change which has taken place in the point of view of Bible scholarship in the last few years. The results of modern biblical criticism are frankly accepted in this volume, and, while the writers of the various articles and of the commentaries on individual books are strictly orthodox, their orthodoxy is sane and reasonable, and there is no apparent consciousness of any conflict between orthodoxy and scholarship. The introduction to this volume comprises 143 pages, consisting of general articles, dealing with Hebrew history, Pentateuchal analysis, the Laws of Hammurabi, Hebrew prophecy, the religious development of the Jews, and other literary and archæological topics, together with a description of Palestine, a Bible chronology, and discussions of the more important doctrines of the Christian faith. The commentary occupies almost 1,100 pages, of which somewhat more than 600 are devoted to the Old Testament and a little less than 500 to the New, the latter, therefore, receiving relatively much the fuller treatment. The commentary on each book is prefaced by an introduction, containing an analysis of the book, with a discussion of questions of authorship, date, religious value, etc. The commentaries are necessarily short, but quite as long probably as the average student desires. There are a few good, but rather crowded and over-condensed maps, in black and white, at the back of the volume.

These three books are really valuable additions to the Bible literature of the English reading world. The preacher, the missionary, the Bible-class teacher, the intelligent layman, desirous of studying behind the letter of his Bible, provided with one or the other of these dictionaries and this commentary, has really in those two volumes a complete and very effective equipment for the study and interpretation of the Book, an equipment very far in advance of that which good technical scholars possessed not many years since.

Siena, the Story of a Mediæval Commune. By Ferdinand Schevill. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

This book differs from similar popular histories in emphasizing the economic bases of Sienese civilization. But let no one suppose that such devotion to the dismal science implies a dull book. On the contrary, the method lends concreteness and veracity to what otherwise might be a rather incoherent chronicle. Mr. Schevill is refreshingly free from the common vice of personifying his generalizations. He shows us the actuality—not Liberty or Democracy advancing, but the little traders upsetting the privileges and prerogatives of the big ones, and then the working people getting even with both classes of their former betters. These motives not merely explain the successive and confusing changes of the city government, but also tell us why no stable rule was possible. Siena is typical of all Italy in this failure to subordinate the good of the group to that of the state. It is one of the paradoxes of history that, after inventing and elaborating the idea of the state for all time, Italy for nearly twenty centuries should afford a classic example of the evils of particularism. From this lack of real civic spirit Siena was peculiarly a sufferer. She did develop, however, a substitute in a volatile local pride and a graceful self-sufficiency that make her civilization highly characteristic and picturesque. In intelligence she was never rich. No poet, scientist, or inventor of the first rank was born within her gates. Rich she was, chiefly in enthusiasm. "Soft Siena," as she early was called, readily produced revellers and saints, the plotters of massacres, and the artists who celebrated the mystic Mother of God and patroness of the city.

Mr. Schevill is keenly alive to these aspects of his subject, and has compiled his text so skilfully, interweaving fine bits from the chronicles, that his book should fully hold its own with its many excellent predecessors. Its defect is merely in the minutiæ of style. A certain wordiness and an occasional bluntness of idiom detract from a sensitive reader's pleasure. These lapses might easily be remedied in a second edition. The chapter on the art of Siena is inconclusive and not very suggestive. Her preëminence in the beautiful art of enamelling should have been mentioned, while the charm of her painted sculpture in wood surely deserved a word. In denying to Duccio high quality as an illustrator and setting him down as a decorator primarily, the point of Mr. Berenson's criticism seems to be missed in transcription. Duccio is one of the greatest of illustrators, only his *genre* was discursive. The epigones of the fifteenth century are dismissed rather cavalierly because they refused to be progressive. Sassetta, Matteo, Sano, and the rest at least cultivated their little gardens with utmost fidelity and delicacy. They show what charming variations might still be played upon the apparently moribund Byzantine tradition. No form of art is dead so long as any one practices it with love and intelligence. It seems the part of good taste, then, to take these belated masters for what they are, without crushing them under the obvious and gratuitous comparison with the giants of Florence.

This book contains a number of good photographic illustrations. It is so judiciously made, so sanely enthusiastic, and so compact that, with a little mending of the rougher spots in the text, it should take its place with the best popular works on this much bewritten but never exhausted subject.

The Story of the State of Washington. By Edmond S. Meany, Professor of History in the University of Washington. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.25 net.

Coincident with the opening of the Seattle Fair appears Professor Meany's excellent account of the new State in which it is held. He writes with the interest natural in one whose own development has been involved in the development he describes. His pictures and judgments of men and events,

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though warmly patriotic, are never extravagant; the detail, though somewhat long drawn for the general reader, is none too elaborate for the public the author has especially in view, the high schools and colleges of Washington itself; the correctness of his statements is always well vouched for by reference to the good authorities from which they are derived.

Physically, Washington offers many a smiling area in the midst of ruggedness sometimes forbidding, but often most picturesque. It possesses in Puget Sound a vast haven into which more than into any other the commerce of the Pacific may in future be gathered. A fascinating list of characters figure in the story. We begin with Drake and the Spaniards of the sixteenth century with whom he fought; in due time come the later navigators, Cook, Behring, La Perouse, and Vancouver. The enterprise of the New England captains, Robert Gray at the head, is celebrated, an enterprise so marked that almost to this day a "Boston man" among the Indians is the more intelligible equivalent for American. The explorers by land are a company no less worthy, Mackenzie, Simon Fraser, and John McLoughlin, on the British side, with Lewis and Clark, Marcus Whitman, Frémont, and Isaac I. Stevens, on the American. For a decade and more it was doubtful whether the land would go to England or the United States. The influx of an American population, however, decided the matter, and though the 54° 40′ northern line, which we coveted, escaped us, we obtained all we could rightfully claim.

In Professor Meany's story no man seems to us to approach more nearly to the heroic stature than Isaac I. Stevens. He fell at the head of his division, with the national colors in his hand, in a successful effort to withstand the rush of Stonewall Jackson on the Federal capital after the Second Bull Run, September 1, 1862. It has been asserted that at the moment Lincoln was considering his appointment to the command of the army in Virginia. We know of no authoritative evidence of this, and it is improbable, for it was the misfortune of Stevens, and of his country, that he fell in the first serious battle in which he was engaged. He had had no opportunity to become known. Nevertheless, the record of Stevens in the West (of which possibly Lincoln was well informed) makes one feel that he might have done well even in that high and difficult post. He led his class at West Point, then after service in Mexico was chief of the coast survey in the Federal city. Made territorial governor of Washington in 1853, he also became head of Indian affairs and of the surveys undertaken for a northern Pacific railroad. Professor Meany calls him "a human dynamo"; and his energy in the midst of large and perplexing responsibilities, sometimes at peace, sometimes at war, was no more marked than were his tact and courage. Some of the best soldiers of the civil war, North and South, got their training under him on the frontier. The account of his surveys is a work of the highest value in the history of Western development. He made a good record in Congress. His death occurred when he was but forty-four, at a moment when the future seemed burdened with honors for him. If any men might contest with Stevens primacy among the founders of Washington, it would be such railway kings as Henry Villard and James J. Hill. But it must be remembered that in all their work they have but stood upon Stevens's shoulders: he labored and they entered into his labors.

Wanderings in South America, the Northwest of the United States, and the Antilles, in the Years 1812, 1816, 1820, and 1824. By Charles Waterton. Including a memoir of the author by Norman Moore, M.D. With illustrations and a brief introduction by Charles Livingston Bull. New York: Sturgis & Walton. $2.50 net.

The Andean Land (South America). By Chase S. Osborn. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 2 vols. $5.

The interest in South America which was aroused by Mr. Root's visit continues to bring forth its harvest of books. Among them is an attractive reprint of Waterton's fascinating "Wanderings," which it is a pleasure to welcome. Like White's "Natural History of Selborne," Waterton's "Wanderings" can never have too many editions. His vivid and faithful pictures of life in the jungle are ever new and always entertaining and instructive. Mr. Bull's all too modest introduction makes one wish he had given more of his own impressions of the region which it was his good fortune to visit a century after Waterton. Unfortunately, his experiments with photography were unsuccessful, and his drawings are rather too fanciful to be of much value. An appreciative memoir of Waterton, largely autobiographical, compiled by Dr. Moore, who was a friend of the great naturalist's old age, adds in no small degree to the worth of this edition.

Of Mr. Osborn's two attractive volumes, encumbered as they are with statistics and information of the guide-book kind, one cannot speak in such high praise. They are decidedly not up to the standard of recent books on South America, being neither so entertaining as Ruhl's "Other Americans," so informing as Martin's "Five Republics," or so accurate as Keane's "South America." The author is a Michigan "newspaper man," and many of his stories smack of the Sunday supplement. A breezy journalistic style that tolerates "a swift poke in the solar-plexus" is hardly adapted to a book of this kind, even when it is offset by a dreary compilation of statistics for the cities and towns of the West Coast. There are, besides, chapters filled with "personal mention" of fellow-passengers, stars, albatrosses, and whales. But one cannot help wishing that this space had been used to give more adequate treatment to Brazil and Argentina. To the Falkland Islands is allotted an exhaustive chapter, and Chili is gossiped about at considerable length. A remarkable description of Valparaiso's earthquake by an eye-witness and an entertaining account of the journey over the Uspallata Pass are worthy of special note. As an aid to travellers, however, the work is of doubtful value, for the information in regard to railways leaves out of account the important progress of the past two years, and there are many serious inaccuracies. For instance, one may *not* "coach from Oruro through Sucre to La Paz easily in four days"—or in fourteen; and there *are* excellent passenger ships that sail from New York to Buenos Ayres.

Nevertheless, Mr. Osborn's remarks on our trade with South America are important and deserve to be widely read. Especially noteworthy is the letter from a Chilian importer who complains of the packing by American manufacturers as "one of the most disgraceful and discreditable things imaginable. It is coming to that point where no concern wants to import from the United States, if they can possibly get the goods from Europe. It is a positive pleasure to see goods unpacked from German exporters." This subject arises continually in all the reports that come from South America. As Lincoln Hutchinson said three years ago, in his "Report on Trade Conditions in Brazil":

> We have heard so much about the necessity for correct packing, the minute attention to details of orders, the indispensability of long credits, etc., that we turn from them with a shrug. Yet the reiteration is made necessary by our exporters' persistent disregard of these factors.

Science.

The Behavior of Noddy and Sooty Terns. By Dr. John B. Watson. Paper Number VII from the Marine Biological Laboratory at Tortugas. Washington: Carnegie Institution.

This paper of sixty-eight pages forms one of the most important of recent contributions to ornithology. The author spent two and a half months on Bird Key, with the object of observing, as closely as possible, the details of the lives of the two species of terns found

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breeding there. Of the Noddy Terns there were about 1,400 adults, while the colony of Sooties numbered more than 18,800.

The food and the feeding habits, the courtship, nest-building, care, and external development of the young, and the entire daily activity of both species are minutely described, each phase of study being subdivided, and an excellent summary given of each. Contrary to what we should expect, these web-footed birds apparently never touch the water except to drink or bathe, and if they fall accidentally into the sea, they are unable to swim against the tide. The male and female, although indistinguishable externally, have each their separate work during the early breeding season, the latter building and guarding the nest, the former obtaining food for both. The proof of perfect, yet inexplicable, recognition between the bird and its mate, its nest and young, is very striking. The most significant experiment was that of removing one bird of a pair, marking it distinctly with oil paint, liberating it at a distance from the island, and then noting the time of return to its nest. One bird, taken more than sixty-eight miles, returned in eleven hours, while the individuals which were carried by steamer a distance of 1,080 miles, to a point just north of Cape Hatteras, were seen back at their nests several days later. In this case, however, their mates had already found new partners, and they were not permitted to resume their share in the care of their own young. Dr. Watson has no explanation to offer, saying that the facts obtained from these experiments "are extremely difficult for current theories of orientation to explain."

The author is primarily a psychologist, and his language in a number of instances is made unnecessarily technical by the use of such terms as intra-organic pressure. Although this pedantry of expression is familiar to psychologists, the simplicity of the facts, together with their general interest, would seem to warrant recounting in terms of more common usage.

The photographs of the birds, their nests, and eggs, are excellent. When we have biographies, such as this, of many more birds, together with a more thorough knowledge of their structure and development, we may at last hope for light upon the evolution and relationships of these most difficult subjects of study.

Dr. G. L. Walton's "Practical Guide to the Wild Flowers and Fruits" (Lippincott) is another serious attempt to aid the beginner in identifying a good many common plants by means of their most obvious features. The primary divisions are based on color: subsequent ones on the more striking characteristics of stems and leaves. Of course, such a scheme for aiding everybody to find out the names of plants is open to many objections on the ground of superficiality and incompleteness, and there is hardly a page with which a professional botanist might not find much fault. But if the book can help anybody to know more about the plants of common life, it may serve a useful purpose. The drawings as a rule are not satisfactory, and in one or two instances are distinctly misleading, but they are supplemented by a few good colored plates, and by an excellent reproduction of an old print of Dioscorides. Dr. Walton's plan has the merit of extreme simplicity, and in practice may be of service to a good many persons who would never take the trouble to study a botanical book of the most elementary character. The book shows how certain puzzles can be worked out, ending with the names of the plants.

The Berlin Akademie der Wissenschaften has issued a number of grants for research, including: 2,300 marks to Professor Engler, for his work on the Vegetable Kingdom; 2,000 marks to Professor Schulze, for his work on the structure of the lungs of birds; and 3,000 marks to Professor Escherich, for his study of the Termites in Ceylon.

Samuel William Johnson, professor emeritus of agricultural chemistry at Yale, died July 21, at the age of seventy-nine years. In 1855 he went to the Sheffield Scientific School, where he taught for forty years. He was president of the American Chemical Society in 1878, and since 1866 a member of the National Academy of Sciences. His best known book, "How Crops Grow," is used extensively in England and America, and has been translated into German, Swedish, Italian, Japanese, and Russian. His other books are: "Essays on Peat Muck and Commercial Manures," "Peat and Its Uses as Fertilizer and Fuel," and "How Crops Feed."

The death is reported, at the age of fifty-one, of Alexander Anderson, since 1885 professor of natural philosophy in Queen's College, Galway, and since 1899 president of that institution. He published a number of papers on mathematical and other scientific subjects.

Art.

Royal Palaces of Spain: An Historical and Descriptive Account of the Seven Principal Palaces of the Spanish Kings. By Albert F. Calvert. New York: John Lane Co. $1.50 net.

The seven palaces described in this latest volume of the Spanish Series are the Alcazar, the Escorial, El Pardo, Aranjuez, La Granja, Madrid, and Miramar. The last hardly conforms to the popular idea of a palace, being a simple country-house of unpretending English architecture, destitute of historic interest or art treasures, the summer home of the royal family, where for a few months the formalities and etiquette of Madrid are laid aside. Three of the remaining six palaces were erected by Philip V, who, after the War of Succession, amused himself in lavishing millions upon La Granja and Aranjuez, and, later, owing to the destruction by fire of the Alcazar at Madrid, was forced to rebuild the royal residence in the capital. Mr. Calvert's Handbook ought to turn the attention of travellers to La Granja, far surpassing Versailles in the magnificence of its fountains and natural scenery, and easily reached by carriage from Segovia, itself one of the most interesting but least-visited of Spanish cities, although readily accessible by rail from Madrid. On this royal retreat, set in the midst of pine-covered hills and dominated by the Pico de Peñalara, Philip spent 45,000,000 crowns. Its gardens are its real glory, whereas the palace, in the degenerate taste of the Regency, cannot compare with the Escorial, its solemn neighbor on the opposite side of the same Sierra, or with that finest of Bourbon palaces, whose white walls rise above the Manzanares in Madrid.

The homes of royalty, in spite of their gorgeous monotony, are everywhere objects of curiosity to the travelling public. It may be doubted, however, whether those of any other country so justify this interest as do the palaces of Spain, either as the scenes of momentous events or as the repositories of art treasures. Certainly, no construction in Europe is so stamped with the character of its builder, so conforms to the spirit of its time and its natural surroundings, or leaves so distinct an impression of its Imperial master and his age, as the Escorial. Few, if any, of the actual abodes of royalty can boast of rooms rivalling the throne-room, Giardini room, or Hall of Ambassadors of the Madrid palace, or match its collections of tapestry and art furnishings. No existing royal retreat so reveals the personality of its creator as does that paradise of the melancholy pleasure-sated Philip in the Sierras, of which he said: "It has cost me three millions and amused me three minutes." And outside of Spain there is no Alcazar. Mr. Calvert says in his preface:

> These palaces of the haughtiest royal race in Europe are endowed with the rarest treasures of art and taste, such as only a semi-despotic Power could accumulate in bygone days. It is the object of this little book to reveal these riches to the curious in such matters by means of illustrations, the accompanying text being only to be considered in the light of explanatory notes and chronological data.

The text and 165 small but excellent illustrations fulfil the promise of the preface.

A. C. McClurg & Co. publish "The Standard Galleries of Holland," by Esther Singleton. When one reads that Miss Singleton is the author of "Great Pictures Described by Great Writers," one knows what to expect—a compilation from all sorts of sources, put together without discoverable method. Miss Singleton announces that she

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has "endeavored to avoid all criticism by adopting the spelling [of artists' names] used in the official catalogues of the . . . galleries; and in a few instances these are not agreed." This may be the proper course, but it would have been as well to give cross references. In the Index Vermeer of Delft appears, but the reference is only to his View of Delft at The Hague. One looks elsewhere and finds entries (in this order), Meer, Jan van der, the Younger; Meer, Van der; Meer, Jan van der. On looking these up in the text, the dates given for the first and third are irreconcilable with those of Vermeer. There are no dates at all in the paragraph referred to in the second entry, and nothing whatever to indicate that this is the same painter as Vermeer of Delft, but the picture referred to is the celebrated Girl Reading of the Rijks Museum. In the text, but not indexed, is a reference to Vermeer of Utrecht, who may or may not be one of the other Van der or van der Meers. Surely it is the duty of a writer to afford some guidance through this labyrinth.

The death is announced of Jules-Clément Chaplain, the eminent engraver of medals. He was born in 1839, and studied under Jouffroy and Oudinot. Among his better known bronze medallions are those of Renan, Robert Fleury, and MacMahon.

Finance.

Forty Years of American Finance. By Alexander Dana Noyes. Second edition. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

Since 1898 students of the economic history of the United States have been under a heavy debt to Mr. Noyes for his "Thirty Years of American Finance." The present volume renews and greatly increases that obligation. It adds to the author's invaluable history of the period extending from 1867 to 1897 an accurate, dispassionate, and well-reasoned account of the decade that ended with the panic of 1907.

The five new chapters, which narrate the events of the last decade, begin with the "industrial boom" that started in 1897. After pointing out that the great increase in the world's gold output and the accompanying worldwide rise of prices contributed to the expansion of industry in all countries, the author shows that our own industrial expansion began with the return of agricultural prosperity in 1897. As usual, deficient harvests abroad and "bumper" crops at home were the cause of this prosperity, which, on account of the continued rise in the prices of staple products, has continued to the present day. At about the same time occurred the noteworthy growth of our export trade in manufactured products, which led to so much talk of our "industrial invasion" of Europe. The direct result of these developments was the accumulation of large credits abroad which contributed to the stability of our rickety currency system, and made our money market for a time independent of Europe.

Such conditions favored, of course, the growth of speculation. Our newly acquired wealth entered the investment market and rapidly absorbed the available supply of railway securities and public loans. Promoters of companies were not slow to take advantage of such an opportunity, and by 1899 and 1900 were busily engaged in the manufacture of "industrial" securities to meet the demand of investors. If speculation was active in those years, it became frenzied in 1901. Numbers of factories were consolidated into large corporations, large corporation was joined to large corporation until the outcome was a Trust, and then came the gigantic holding company, owning a number of Trusts. Every stage in the process was attended with the manufacture, then the duplication and reduplication of securities, most of which were absorbed by gullible investors; until it seemed as if no scheme could be so reckless or visionary as to fail of support by the investing public. A new era in finance had come, in which men "thought in billions," and none of the old laws of trade were thereafter to apply to American industrial development.

The Northern Pacific episode in May, 1901, in no way affected the sources of the country's real prosperity, but, with other developments of that year, did give warning to investors that things could be overdone, even in the new financial era; so that in 1902 speculation was considerably less active. Most of the great men of finance, however, took no warning; and, continuing to promote companies of more and more doubtful stability, found themselves caught in 1903 in a "rich men's panic." This disturbance was but temporary; and after a short retardation, the wheels of industry revolved as before. By 1905 continued agricultural prosperity and rising prices for commodities led the great men to renew the boom in stocks; and this they did with capital procured abroad and by using the credit and other resources of the great corporations they controlled. Simultaneously in various countries of Europe, in South America, and in distant Japan, there occurred outbursts of speculation. On the surface, at least, things were going as they should in a new era which had formulated its own laws of trade, and, incidentally, abolished fear and possibility of panics.

But underlying conditions were no longer what they had been in 1901. Business in practically all lines was as good as ever, if not better than before; but for that very reason made greater demands upon the country's supply of capital. And in European markets, the lines were tightening. Industrial activity was intense, and to this was added unrestrained speculation in various countries; meanwhile two great wars had destroyed some three billions of capital that might otherwise have been available for industrial or commercial purposes. Discount rates in the money centres were a sure indication of approaching strain on the world's supply of free capital, and experienced observers gave warning of possible danger. If ever there was a time for prudence and moderation in stock speculation, the two years preceding the panic of 1907 were such a time.

What our great men did, however, was to draw upon the resources of the financial institutions under their control and utilize the credit of their railways and other corporations for the purpose of inaugurating a boom in stocks. When falling bank reserves and rising discount rates brought this process to an end, they then had recourse to foreign loans, and this even at the very season when, according to the old-fashioned finance, it had been thought necessary to husband resources in order to move the crops. By the close of 1906 foreign borrowings had risen to a total of $500,000,000, and American markets were clearly dependent upon European, in which capital was already scarce in proportion to the demand, and was becoming scarcer. Meanwhile, in this country various revelations of wrongdoing in high places were destroying confidence in the morality of our new financiers as well as confidence in the safety of their methods, so that the great men finally had the stock market pretty much to themselves.

By the fall of 1906, further borrowing in Europe had become impossible, and Wall Street had to appeal to the Federal Treasury for relief. Railways found it difficult or impossible to market their bonds, and were obliged to issue their notes in order to complete construction work and meet maturing obligations. By the middle of 1907, not less than $300,000,000 of such notes had been issued. The spring of that year had brought news of crises in Egypt and Japan; October was to report others at Hamburg and in Chili. In March and August heavy sales of securities on the New York exchange, evidently by some of the great men and for the purpose of obtaining ready money, gave evidence that new-fangled methods of abolishing panics might go wrong after all; while a number of business failures indicated an increasing strain on capital. When the panic actually broke, a notorious "chain" of New York banks and a "speculative" trust company were the actual storm centre; but it might just as well have been precipitated in some other way. Since October, 1907, we have heard little of the new finance which was to supersede all the old laws of trade.

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Such a summary as this falls far short of doing justice to Mr. Noyes's masterly array of facts in their proper sequence and his searching discussion of their meaning. Through the mad speculation of 1901 and the reckless operations of 1905 and 1906 our author studied, as they occurred, the events he now reviews as historian; he is equipped as is no other man for the task he has so well performed. In those days he was never dazzled by the most brilliant operations of the new finance, or deluded by the sophistries of its accepted exponents; and his history of the past decade is as good a vindication as could be written of the old-fashioned finance based on the teachings of reason and experience.

In any survey of such a wide field differences of opinion must inevitably arise at some points, and Mr. Noyes cannot, and doubtless did not, expect to escape all criticism. His opinions are certain, however, to have great weight, and his critics will have no easy task. Particularly valuable is his discussion of the significance of the Northern Securities case; also his analysis of the nature of the speculative movement of 1905 and 1906, and his pitiless dissection of the assertion that Mr. Roosevelt caused the late panic. By way of criticism, it may be pointed out that it is misleading to say, as Mr. Noyes does, that the currency act of 1900 provides that notes once redeemed "shall be held in the reserve fund until exchanged for gold," without adding that elsewhere the statute provides a method by which apparently the notes may be reissued without such exchange.

On Tuesday, July 27, shortly after the close of business on the Exchange, announcement was made of a quarterly dividend of ¾ of 1 per cent. upon the common stock of the United States Steel Company. This quarterly rate, if maintained, will put this stock upon a 3 per cent. basis instead of the 2 per cent. basis prevalent since May, 1906. The ruling prices of this security for some time have portended an advance in dividends. Just before the actual announcement of the increase it closed at 71¼. The earnings reported for the quarter ended June 30 would seem to justify the action of the directors, although the figures of earnings for 1906 and 1907 are not approached. Unfilled orders stand at over four million tons, and the outlook for future production is therefore encouraging.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Avery, Mabel A. Mother Goose on Bridge. Syracuse, N. Y.: Lyman Bros.

Brady, B. F. Sectionalism and Some of Its Fruits. Goldsboro,, N. C.: B. F. Grady. 25 cents.

Chile. Compiled by the International Bureau of American Republics. Washington, D. C. $1.

Christian Ministry and the Social Order: Lectures delivered at Yale Divinity School, 1908-1909. Edited by C. S. Macfarland. New Haven: Yale University Press.

Cramp, W. S. The Heart of Silence. Boston: C. M. Clark Pub. Co.

Darwin, C. Foundations of the Origin of Species, a Sketch Written in 1842. Edited by Francis Darwin. London: Cambridge University Press.

Dodd, W. F. The Government of the District of Columbia. Washington: John Byrne & Co. $1.50.

Frost, T. G. The Man of Destiny. Gramercy Pub. Co.

Hudgins, C. D. A Transferred Identity. Oglivie Pub. Co. 25 cents.

Janitschek, M. Irrende Liebe. Leipzig: B. Elischer Nachfolger.

Knopf, S. A. Tuberculosis. Moffat, Yard & Co. $2.

Knowlson, T. S. The Education of the Will. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Lake, F. P. Uncle Sim. Boston: C. M. Clark Pub. Co.

Letters and Journals of Samuel Gridley Howe. Vol. II. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. $3 net.

Murdock, H. 1872: Letters Written by a Gentleman in Boston to His Friend in Paris, Describing the Great Fire. Houghton Mifflin. $5 net.

Newman, Carrie S. Kindergarten in the Home. Boston: Page & Co.

One Day. Anonymous. Macaulay Company.

Oxford English Dictionary. Vol. VIII. S—Sauce. Frowde. $1.25.

Report on Coöperative Savings and Loan Associations for 1908. Transmitted to the N. Y. Legislature.

Roberts, W. C., Jr. The Boy's Account of It: a Chronicle of Foreign Travel by an Eight-year-old. Waterloo Press. $1.

Spenser, E. The Faerie Queene. Printed for William Ponsonbie, 1596. Vols. I and II. Putnam's.

Transportation by Water in the United States. Report of the Commissioner of Corporations. Part 1. Washington: Government Printing-Office.

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